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Editorial.

THE fates have long since decreed that the year 1933 be the date of our graduation. Little did we know that that year was to be also the date of one of the worst depressions known to mankind. And thus we graduate with prospects far from rosy and a future that is none too clear. Some of us will go to work, some to professional schools, some to college, and for us all there will be more difficulties than others in easier years have had to face. But in spite of them or even because of them may we become stronger and finer men and women.

Let us all make the best of the education we have acquired. Let us welcome every opportunity that life offers. Let us acquire the qualities of honesty, perseverance, thoughtfulness, and diligence. Let us have ideals which are worthy and follow these ideals. If we do all this, surely we shall achieve happiness and success.

And even if we do fall short of our fondest hopes, no matter where we may travel, we will take with us the pleasant memories of our high school friends and associations and all the days spent in dear old Manning.

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Literary.

The Old and New

BEAUTY and antiquity, but not on the surface. Only beneath do we encounter these two. Surely beauty was in the air which our ancestors breathed two centuries ago. But do we find them now? Now we must stop a while and think where we are. Yes, it is the twen-

tieth century — industrial organizations have been built up: stone, bricks, and steel have been brought together in architectural monstrosities. And in our own community we have one of these buildings. For many years the blowing smoke from the mill sent into the air germs, dirt, and grimy soot for the townsfolk to breathe in. Its waste material cluttered the streets. Many lowly shacks of stereotype design, which, to me, seem in perfect accord with the minds and the exterior living of their dwellers, still huddle closely together.

Along with the mill came the railroad and another industry which naturally becomes associated with it — the coal sheds, the depot, the dusty shanties with their colloquial gate-tenders in dusty work-clothes, the coal dust, and the soot which cakes in layers on the window-sills of nearby houses. Altogether, quite an untidy affair!

And the business section, the dear old business section, which, though architecturally horrid, has achieved that touch of homeliness which is attached to all the things that you know well. Naturally, we do not expect to find beauty on "Main Street," but we do frequently wish that it could be snuggled away to some place where it would not obstruct some of the old, delicately lovely features of the town.

Of course, we could not expect towns and cities of the post-Civil War days to have given much thought to the intelligent planning of beautiful cities. The population, then, was intent upon acquiring influence through national, "Big-Business" development. We are shown clear proof of that interest today in the slums of most of our American cities, but we hope that in the near future we shall have more time to devote to beauty, and to save it from complete obliteration. Although we may be in pursuit of new activities, however, let us look for hidden beauties.

A visitor, or a resident who has not yet discovered the town, may climb to the summit of our "old Town Hill." His gaze may encounter the bright red lights in the East as the rounding sun comes looming up over the cold blue of the vast ocean, its rays dancing with joy across the shimmering water and winding their merry way to the sandy dunes — or he might prefer late afternoon when the sun begins to retire into the great West, and a gentle murmuring runs through the pines. There the great limbs of an apple tree point like arms at the two wooden and tawdry towers, in the direction of the setting sun — fixed in solidity, at this moment, like two gilded towers, pointing proudly heavenward — a symbol of all that our New England might have been or might be.

Or, if he becomes lonesome, he may trip to the beach on a misty storm-dreary day, where the surf beats threateningly upon the miles of sand. A spray of salt water splashes over his raincoat and boots, and

a tang of the salt air floats in from the sea on a mad, white-capped wave. A gull may fly over now and then, while out on the sandbar they flock in whole families to debate the possible question of food, like old maids, squabbling and splashing around in their excitement. No doubt the same sight was seen by the Mayflower crew when it sailed into the harbor so long ago.

In our more expansive moods we should visit hill or beach where the eye and mind are bounded only by sky and sea, but on ordinary days our stranger shall enter from the south side, when he at once sees an example of a very fine old church. It is the old South Meeting House with its stern, stalwart columns supporting its truly classical symmetry. The beauty and grandeur of its stately dimensions are Grecian, but the spirit of it is New England and proves that those who built it had a certain sense of beauty and proportion.

The church makes me forget the mill, and the twentieth century industries, and the railroad, and the ant-hills of houses. And instinctively I look to the left at the fine old Whipple House, built, according to tradition, in the year 1640, (but I like to think that it was earlier and closer to 1636). It is interesting because it is an example of our old New England with its low, sloping roof, old rambling chimney, the overhang, its diamond-shaped windows, the brown shingles, and the old millstone at the double oak door. I find it rather sad, though, like a monument to a dear friend who has passed on to another world. I feel that some day I'll write about that old house and try to get closer to it.

But now let's move across the road to the old Heard House. As we do this, we step into the next century — the eighteenth. It is a typical product of the architecture of that period; it is beautiful, but in a different way. The three-storied buildings came in at that time and we have very good examples of this type on Essex Street in Salem, and on High Street in Newburyport. These houses were built by ship men, being very large and simple, unlike the frosted-cake stuff or the jig-saw houses of a later and less artistic period.

Along South Main Street we move to the old Choate Bridge, a double-arch bridge built in 1764. It is the oldest of its kind in America — another solid structure as solid as the pioneer souls who built it. And that bridge draws us from the road, beneath its great arches, to follow the river along its intricate windings and broad bends, out towards the sea. On both sides we pass several other old houses before coming to another bridge. We have become dreamy and thoughtful from our wanderings into the past centuries, and as we gaze dreamily around us we look upon a hard-looking, iron-barred structure. The paradox of a "tenantless jail," in this age, reminds us that we are back in the twentieth century. Oh, Twentieth Century! I realize that we should not let ourselves be carried away like this. We must move on for the sake of the great, gaunt, unfeeling god "PROGRESS" — But, Alas! I am a romanticist.

— Eleanor Mitchell, '33.

Sonnet

I've seen them trudge along the dusty road,
Stooped o'er and bent beneath their heaviness;
I've watched them slowly climb the hills, and press
Forward with leaden steps, under their load
And sagging burdens; I've seen their mode
Of living — those coarse men; nor from the stress
And blank vicissitudes do they digress,
But wearily plodding before the goad
Of stark necessity their hapless way
Pursue — benumbed and deadened creatures. Day
On day they may be seen struggling along
The upper-highlands silhouetted out
Against the grayness of the darkening sky
And stumbling downward to the distant Valley.

— Edward Rhodes.

My Garden

Before the morning of my life
A fairy made for me
A garden, beautiful.
She foresaw how life
Would be for me
In the outside world,
So she gave me a place
Where I might hide
From storms —
From pelting, stinging words;
She filled it with flowers
She knew that I would love,
And made them more odorous
Than dawn on a hill
In springtime;
And when I am more lonely
Than a leaf
That a mischievous bird
Has brushed with its wing
And separated from its mates,
I run into my garden.

— Charles Bailey.

My Days

"One day
Is like another.
No, that is
Not true.
Some are spun
From golden
Thread,
And some
Are shadowed blue.
Some are days
When Heaven
Tries
To pass itself
For earth.
Some go down
In darkest
Clouds
That had the
Brightest birth
Some go tearful
All the
Way,
And some
Come smiling
Through
Their tears, while
Some
Are like the days
I spent
With
You."

— C. Bailey.

Song to My Heart When the Moon Rides High

Sing, dear heart! for the moon rides high,
And the soft clouds float in a wonder sky!
Sing, dear heart! for the stars shine far,
And the soft wind calls from across the bar!
O, sing me the song of the wanderlust!
The whole world calls, and I know that I must!

— C. Bailey

Graduation Essays

World Peace

By Anne Patch

THE story of war is the story of the human race. War has always been the method of solving disputes between men. In the days of the caveman, war meant one burly human being armed with a club pursuing another of his kind on foot. Then came the Romans with their daggers and the phalanx. After the glory of the Roman Empire had faded, there came the crusaders, warriors fighting for the Holy Land. Later with the passing of this epoch, during the One Hundred Years War between France and England, firearms became known to the western world. And the inventive process has gone on, a new implement for killing in each succeeding struggle until we have seen the part which the submarine, airplane, machine gun, and gas have played in the recent world conflict.

Far-seeing men, looking on the trend of modern war and the increasing destruction of modern life have sought to establish world peace. One of the first men to want to do something to attain this end was Ladd, an early American statesman who, in 1840, published a volume called "Essay on a Congress of Nations for the Adjustment of International Disputes Without Resort to Arms." This essay he circulated widely among the "crowned heads and leading men of Christendom." In this essay, Ladd proposed a twofold organization, a Congress and a court of nations. The Congress of Nations that he had in mind was the First Peace Conference which in reality did not open until May 18, 1899 at the Hague and his court of nations with the Permanent Court of International Justice of 1920. The First Peace Conference was assembled through the initiative of Czar Nicholas the Second on his birthday. This conference was called to attempt to reduce the heavy armaments of the European countries and to regulate the conduct of war. The United States was a member of this conference, and our representatives earnestly endeavored to make the parley a success. The First Peace Conference resulted in the Permanent Court of Arbitration. This tribunal was only the beginning of a world court and had many faults. There was nothing to compel agreement to the decisions of the court or noth-

ing to prevent recourse to war. But the fruits of this conference, perfected by the Second Peace Conference also held at the Hague in 1907, prepared the way for a true World Court after the great war.

But the awakening of the dove of peace was feeble and the powerful gods of war were averse to these propositions. And in 1914 the great conflagration called the World War broke out. For the four succeeding years, the leading countries of the world passed through a hideous ordeal, a time of slaughter and destruction until finally on November 11, 1918 the Armistice was signed. The Armistice was a mere suspension of hostilities and the problem of making a peace treaty and the reconstruction of Europe were still to be faced. With Clemenceau as president of the conference, which opened formally January 18, 1919, various committees were appointed to investigate and report on the important subjects which would require settlement. A committee with Wilson as chairman was chosen to make plans for a league of nations. This conference produced a treaty of two hundred pages, the longest on record, the Treaty of Versailles. The first part of this treaty consists of laws of organization for the League of Nations. The founders, especially Wilson, realized that there had been no international organization to handle the complications which arose in world affairs and the League of Nations was in the future to be that organization. The covenant of the League states its purpose as promoting international co-operation and achieving international peace and security. In the fifteen years of the existence of the league, it has done much good in international affairs in Europe and has justly merited its foundations.

The next great instrument in the promoting of peace is the Court of International Justice, commonly called the World Court. This organization while closely connected with the League of Nations is independent of it and though the United States is not a member of the League, it does belong to the World Court. The World Court decides legal questions rather than political questions and among the nations of the World plays much the same part that the Supreme Court plays among the states of the United States. By rendering its decisions without any partiality, the Court has prevented many small disputes among nations from becoming more serious conflicts.

The next most important instrument for the prevention of war is the Kellogg Peace Pact which was ratified by the United States Senate on January 15, 1929. This treaty provides that the "settlement of all disputes of whatever nature which may arise shall not be sought except by pacific means."

All these organizations, continually growing larger and more powerful, despite occasional setbacks, have sought to establish a new era, an era in which international disputes would be settled by diplomatic means rather than by war. It is easy to see that the efforts in this direction in the last fifteen years have been far more numerous and

of far greater importance than the sum total of all man's efforts since the beginning of time. It is up to us of the coming generation to bring to a glorious fulfillment the endeavors of those who have bravely taken the first steps toward the goal of world peace. The question which comes to mind is "Shall we be able to avoid war?" Elihu Root declares, "There never is a difference so great that it cannot be peaceably settled if approached in the right spirit and there never can be a difference so trifling that it may not be made the occasion for war if approached in the wrong spirit." War results from a state of mind and these institutions, the League of Nations and World Court, have been teaching people to think in terms of peace rather than in terms of war.

As a means of achieving peace, it is necessary to understand the the causes of war in order to be able to prevent their development. The greatest cause of war in modern times, in the last analysis, is competition for economic supremacy which is now finding expression through "three main channels -- (1) the securing of new territory and concessions; (2) the maintenance and enlargement of markets; and (3) the investment of capital in foreign countries." This desire of all nations to gain the "top of the heap" has caused them, throughout their existence to be prepared for war. Being prepared for modern war, however, means the acquisition of large supplies of machine guns, cannon, airplanes, submarines, and chemical laboratories for research work in new poisonous gases. "Armaments are the chief cause of fear between nations. Fear in turn produces larger armaments. This is the vicious circle in which nations have been traveling during the past century, with armaments piling higher and higher and fear steadily increasing." Disarmament has been proposed but it can never be accomplished until the jealousy and suspicion among nations is wiped out through confidence in and co-operation with the efforts of the League of Nations and the World Court.

What are the advantages of war that we should cling so steadfastly to such a survival of barbarism? There appear to be no advantages. An immense toll of human life, an increased burden of taxes for the public and usually after a great war a period of depression like that which we are now experiencing. A certain pacifist declares, "It is war that wastes a nation's wealth, chokes its industries, kills its flowers, narrows its sympathies, and leaves the puny, deformed, and unmanly to breed the next generation."

In our thoughts on this subject of peace we find ourselves confronted by the question of Christianity and war. Is it Christion to make war on your fellow man? Man's first allegiance is to God and mankind. Patriotism comes second, to be governed and controlled by the first. Lovd George said of the last war, "Had all the churches cried halt, that dreadful murder could not have gone on." Can warriors believe with Christ that the meek will inherit the earth? Do the two commandments "Thou shalt not steal"

and "Thou shalt not not kill" apply only to individuals? From this we see that the churches should play a more active part in the movement for peace, confidence, and friendliness among nations.

Our fondest hopes rest in the generation of young people who will soon assume the responsibility of governing and of carrying on the finer traditions. Certain ones from among this group, young people who are having the advantages of a college education and those who have had the opportunity of studying the causes and effects of the last war, boldly face this question of world peace. They realize that if they do not conquer war, war will conquer them. They know that the next war, made more dangerous and horrifying by new inventions will in a much shorter time take a far greater toll of human life than ever before. They see beyond the glory of fighting for ones' country to the evils that it brings, death, mutilation, hate, hunger, rape, disease, bonded generations, and national debt. Having studied this question, students are declaring their affiliations with world peace movements. In England at Oxford, a meeting was held to debate and vote on the proposition: Resolved: That this house under no circumstance will fight for its king and country. It was carried by a vote of 275-153. To shame and ridicule the pacifists, 275 white feathers were left at the next meeting. But these feathers were distributed among the boys and are now worn as badges of honor.

Other colleges throughout England, Wales, and Canada have followed Oxford's lead. We even find it in our own staid Boston. Students from two of our Boston colleges have formed organizations which declare they will not fight for their country under any circumstances. Others less radical declare that they will only fight in case of invasion.

Modern youth desires to live for mankind and the decision as to whether they shall die in more horrible warfare than has ever been known or whether they shall live in peace, improving and refining the culture of the world, rests in their hands. Let us hope they choose the path of happiness and peace and that somehow, out of all the chaos and confusion of the present time there will dawn a new and better era — that of world peace.

Then and Now

By Ervin Langmaid

WITH the coming of 1933, we welcome another World's Fair which promises to reveal marvels untold. Since we are upon the brink of this new exposition, let us wander back to the fair of 1893.

On February 25, 1890 Congress had passed a bill awarding the Exposition to Chicago over the claims of many rivals for the honor and providing liberal financial aid. An ideal site was found in spacious Jackson Park on the shores of Lake Michigan in the southern part of the city. To this were joined an additional stretch of beach, giving a water line of fully two miles, and a

broad boulevard connecting Jackson Park with the neighboring Washington Park. Altogether the Exposition occupied 666 acres and was two years in the making, not including the time required for planning and advertising.

On October 23, 1892 the magnificent World's Fair of Chicago was formally dedicated. It was not completed, however, until May 1, 1893 when President Cleveland touched the button that unfurled the official flags and set the machinery in motion. For six months people from all over the world streamed through the gates of this City Beautiful, drinking in its glories and absorbing the rich educational benefits it bestowed.

As one entered the grounds, the main buildings appeared like fairy palaces. They were built of a composition called staff which made them gleam like marble so that people came to speak of this wonderland as the "White City." It was a liberal education in architecture to study those buildings for they represented many different types — classic. Renaissance. Spanish, rustic. and modern. The largest of them all. in fact, the biggest exposition building ever constructed up to that time was the Manuafcturing and Liberal Arts Building, covering nearly forty acres.

Other interesting structures were Machinery Hall and Administration. Agricultural. Electrical. Horticultural, and Fisheries buildings.

The exposition had numerous special features. The Midway Plaisance was one of these, a fascinating avenue of adventure, the home of all the strange sights and sounds of all the world. Here were grouped hundreds of popular amusement features, above them towering the great Ferris Wheel, with its swinging couches in which one could be carried 264 feet into the air. One could circle the globe in the space of an afternoon, for here were the streets of Cairo, the Moorish Palace, the Japanese Bazaar, the Irish, Javanese, Eskimo, Samoan villages, and duplicates of many other sights.

The Transportation Building with its imposing Golden Doorway furnished in its exhibits an inspiring object lesson on how the world goes a-traveling, beginning with the most primitive vehicles and bringing the lesson by degrees through models of the Viking ship, the Pinta, Nina, and Santa Maria of Columbus' fleet, the George Washington coach, and so on, down to the marvelous steamers, battleships, locomotives, and other conveyances of the then modern day. The Forestry Building needed no name over its entrance, for its columns, the unfinished trunks brought from different states and countries, told its story.

So attractive was this glamorous exposition that the average daily attendance was 172,712 and it is a fact that on "Chicago Day," October 9th, the anniversary of the burning of the city, the attendance exceeded 700,000. At the close of the Exposition there was a profit of $1,850,000 a practical tribute to the enterprise and splendid management of those who had its affairs in charge.

Forty years have elapsed since the gala opening of the Fair of

1893, during which untold changes have taken place. With the passing of each year something new, something different, is either discovered or invented. We marveled at the novel phonograph, but today we come into contact with any section of the world through the magic medium of radio. By a simple turning of the dial we can see and hear our favorite program which is being rendered many miles away. Not only is radio employed for entertainment but for the purpose of crime detection and for news broadcasts, which furnish a contact with the outside world. Recently we heard over our radio the fact that Professor Piccard ascended into space for ten miles to bring to us and science valuable information concerning the stratosphere. To accomplish this amazing feat the scientist and his coleague hermetically sealed themselves within a hollow steel ball suspended from a gas bag which was their sole agency for elevating power. Though the modern liner requires only four or five days to cross the ocean, Lindbergh spanned the three thousand miles in approximately thirty-three hours and the Graf-Zeppelin circumnavigated the globe in twenty-one days. It is not, however, for speed alone that the air is used. Transportation by air has now advanced to the stage where it is a speedy, safe, and economical means of conveyance. Between the majority of the larger cities of the United States one may travel on schedule by air.

On land as well as by air we have progressed amazingly since 1893. The automobile has replaced the horse and buggy of the gay nineties to such an extent that a horse is an uncommon sight about the streets. Travel by automobile is the sole means of transportation for the greater part of the American people. It now becomes a question in many discussions in this confused world, whether the automobile is a necessity or a luxury.

It is still wiser to cross the ocean in a liner, in spite of our advance in other lines of travel. The ocean-going craft of today is a luxurious floating palace skimming over the depths of the sea, defying its mountainous swells and severe storms, to arrive at its European destination in less than five days.

So many have been the inventions in the innumerable fields of science for the past forty years that no one man alive could relate each one to you successfully. The three progressions on land, sea, and air previously mentioned are a mere microscopic resume of the broader fields which they represent. To predict the changes of the next forty years, which we, the coming generation will experience, is at once perceived impossible.

There occurs this summer the opening of the greatest exposition ever imagined. It will set a new standard for exhibitions of its class, a worthy expression of the energy, enthusiasm, and resources of the New World.

Education in a Time of Crisis

By Lazrus Lazaropoulos

HOW to save the tax payers' money in these days when everybody has less of it than he used to, appears to be the chief interest of the average citizen just now. The demand for economy is a natural outgrowth of general distress and righteous indignation against waste and corruption. Every newspaper and magazine is loud with outcries against any extravagance of the federal, state, and local governments. But its usual target is that which is most needed by the people during a depression — the educational institutions. They have chosen the wrong remedy, and I shall strive to prove that they have chosen the wrong department to attack.

One of the most unfortunate features of our preesnt economic situation is the effect on education. I have read of several hundred district schools being closed altogether in one region of what usually is a prosperous state. In other places I have been informed that the school year has been shortened from eight months or nine months to seven or even six months. Some boards of education have reduced salaries so drastically that the really good teachers have gone elsewhere, leaving only the inexperienced and the incompetent. In certain cities teachers have gone without pay for months at a time, so that their morale has been greatly lowered. The result of all these things is, to put it plainly and bluntly, that our boys and girls are not being as well educated as they were, that they are not being prepared for every day work as they ought to be, and that they are not being trained as effectively as is necessary for the trying days that are bound to come in the future.

In the greatest crisis in the nation's history the people of the United States need education more than all else. The young people of America must be taught to understand the economic system which has developed in the past century. Especially must they understand that democratic government can succeed only by the "consent" of those who are goverend. But "consent" cannot be given by the people to the acts of their representatives unless they themselves understand the political and economic problems that face them. There is only one sure way to guarantee that the nation may be governed by the "consent" of the people and that is by education.

Furthermore education is the basis of prosperity. The fact that public education takes a large portion (about 28%) of the public expenditures of Massachusetts causes some people to think of education as an expense rather than as a profitable investment. Prosperity is based upon the earning and spending of the masses, not of the few. Rather than being a drain upon business, our school system is one of the finest aids to business, a supporting bulwark in our economic structure. During the year 1930-31, $84,468,-319 was spent for public schools in

Massachusetts. This money was spent in productive channels laying a foundation for future prosperity, and given not only to teachers, but also to printers, masons, carpenters, coal dealers, paper manufacturers, and countless others. Towns having new schools attract new residents who contribute to local prosperity. Largely because America spends most generously for education she has the largest income and wealth of any nation. Free public education builds prosperity.

A somewhat popular pastime with certain people has been that of ridiculing the "frills" of modern public education. In most cases they do not specify particular subjects, being content with generalities. "Frills" commonly mentioned are art, manual training, music, household arts. and health work. Obviously, with a greater percentage of our children entering our schools, especially the high schools, it is necessary to provide a broader program than in the old days when only those destined for college spent a long time in school. English, history, geography, and science were "frills" once. More money will have to be spent on education and more subjects will have to be taught as the decades roll on if society is to progress.

Taxation in the United States is simply a payment for services demanded and received, and there should be no different attitude toward paying taxes from that toward paying for any service or commodity. The average tax burden is smaller in the United States than in any other leading country. So long as we demand more and more service from the government, we must expect rising taxes. The problem is going to be one of devising means of raising the necessary funds equitably and with as little discomfort as possible.

The time has long since gone when tangible property was the chief from of personal wealth and the chief source of personal income. Yet, the Massachusetts land owner is bearing about 51% of the total burden of local and state expenditures and is paying about 70% of the direct taxes, while the people with larger incomes or with more wealth in the form of intangible property are bearing little of the burden. The future will have to bring a just, easily-administered, searching program of taxation which will bring it about so that every citizen shall contribute in proportion to his ability to pay. The best we can do is to insist on efficiency and on just distribution of the tax load.

During the year 1930-31 the sum of $84,468,319 was spent by the local and state government on general public schools below college level. The average number of school days throughout the state was 182. The number of pupils in average membership in public elementary and secondary day schools was 719,675. Thus the average cost per pupil in 1930-31 was $117.37 for the year or 64c a day.

Though school costs have been steadily rising, it should be borne in mind that the same is true of other governmental departments and also of our personal expendi-

tures. Compare the percentage of increase in school costs with the percentage of increase in cost of other local departments over a period of years and you usually see that school costs have not increased out of proportion to costs of other departments of local government. Massachusetts schools are giving a dollar's worth of service for each dollar they cost.

A favorite line of attack by those who wish to slash educational offerings and appropriations is to direct attention to the great increase in the cost of free public education, disregarding the conditions which explain this increase. Schools cost more to-day for many reasons. First, there has been a nation-wide increase in the number of students in school. Second, children are staying in school longer than ever before. Third, more teachers are needed today. Fourth, the subject taught in school to-day are greater in variety. The people of Massachusetts expect more of their government in general and of their school departments in particular and must expect to pay the increased cost. Increasing cost must in ordinary times be accepted as inevitable and must be considered always in relation to results.

As in many enterprises in school work the amount paid for wages is the major factor in expenditure. There can be no doubt that the important element in the school environment is the teacher, for without her the school is merely a pile of bricks. What the state of Massachusetts needs is good teachers. Good teachers never have been and probably never will be overpaid. If possible, every community should in times like these adopt the wisest form of economy, which means employing the best available teachers at usual salaries rather than reducing salaries and thereby tending to eliminate superior teachers. It is economy to pay the salaries which good teachers earn.

The fundamental laws relating to public schools are state laws. By state law every community must provide schooling for boys and girls between the ages of seven and fifteen inclusive and must elect a school committee which shall have general charge of all the public schools. In brief, communities must furnish free education, must see that children attend the schools provided, and must elect a committee with a broad power of general management. Surely the child has the inalienable right to demand of society that it shall provide the conditions and environments which will enable him to have a fair and adequate start toward making the most of himself. School is one of the most important factors in the child's life. The free public school is the one place where all children get the same environment, the same guidance, the same opportunity to unfold, the same stimulation to succeed, and the same chance to experience and experiment. The slashings of school appropriations involve not only dollars and cents but also the rights and the futures of boys and girls.

Therefore all friends of free public education should oppose demands which will deprive the youth

of to-day and the citizens of tomorrow of educational opportunities unless such deprivation is absolutely neccessary. In that case the trimming must be done slowly, wisely, and regretfully with the idea constantly in mind that with a better day Massachusetts must once more go ahead providing generous educational opportunities as an investment in her future.

Class Day Parts

Class History

By Sylvia Todd

IT was a beautiful day in September when we, the class of 1933, first entered the doors of Manning High School. Our first impression was one of awe and wonder as we tiptoed through the long hall and timidly ascended the stairs. On the second floor we were greeted by a group of haughty seniors who gazed at us with an icy stare. However, with the help of Mrs. Lord we passed this frigid zone and made our way to the hall. Here, under the supervision of Miss Ventres and Mr. Whipple, we found our respective places and then bravely attempted to adjust ourselves to our new surroundings. Before the first week was over every "freshie" (especially Hayes) knew where Room 10 was located, much to his discomfort.

After a few weeks had passed and we had become accustomed to our new surroundings we had our first class meeting. Our officers for the year were as follows: Peter Retales, president; Robert Clogston, vice president; Margaret Hamm, secretary; and James Austin, treasurer. I must confess that our discipline was not what it should have been during class meetings because Cuik's acrobatic stunts and Maguire's jokes kept the entire class in an uproar while our capable yet harassed President shouted in vain for order. Cuik and Maguire still entertain but now they have the competition of Hayes, Anzuoni, Austin, and a few other comedians.

After a brief but pleasant summer vacation we returned to school and began our sophomore year. The proper thing to do, now that we were sophomores, was to begin to do some real studying, but although our intentions were good, the results were somewhat disappointing. At our annual class meeting we elected for our class officers Peter Retales, president; James Austin, vice president; Margaret Hamm, secretary; and Sylvia Todd, treasurer.

It was this year that Mr. Conary began to see excellent football material in the class. It included Budzianowski (our Clark Gable), Tony Cynkus (our sheik), Bialek (our blusher), and many others too numerous to mention.

"Not Quite Such a Goose" was the play given by the sophomore class before the entire school. Ann Adamowicz played the part of the twenty-year old sister who thought herself to be quite sophisticated while Murray Adams played the part of the so-called "kid brother." Barbara Arthur and James Austin also were important characters in the cast. The cast forgot their parts

several times, but that was a small matter and the play was declared a success.

It was during this year that the first operetta "Peggy and the Pirate" was held, and although our parts were only minor ones, our bosoms swelled with pride at the thoughts of our first public appearance.

Thus the happy days of our sophomore year passed, and in the fall of 1931 we were juniors — upperclassmen. A few of the more serious began to settle down, do some real studying, and think more seriously about the future.

We were proud of our new position and elected for our class officers: Ervin Langmaid, president; Tony Budzianowski, vice president; Margaret Hamm, secretary; and Sylvia Todd, treasurer.

Our junior social activities are ones long to be remembered. The first of these was the junior-senior social at which, for the first time in many years, there were no wall flowers.

In December we presented a short Christmas play entitled "Here Lies the Child." "Tad" Davis made an excellent elderly lady while Helen Kozeneska and Jane Bokron appeared as two angels. We all admit that Helen looked like an angel, but most of us are still a bit dubious about Jane.

Soon after the Christmas assembly committees were elected and preparations for the Prom were begun. The preparations were going smoothly enough when some of our bashful boys refused to be in the grand march, but they only wanted to be coaxed a little by the girls. At last the night of nights arrived! The hall was prettily decorated with class colors—blue and white—and the decoration committee under the supervision of Miss Blodgett deserves much credit for its work. The Prom was a success.

In February we received our class rings and displayed them far and near.

"The Belle of Bagdad," the operetta, was presented April 8, at the Town Hall. It was at this time that many of us displayed our musical talents in a surprising manner. Eleanor Mitchell at "Jewel" the daughter of the Caliph, Margaret Hamm, and many others deserve much credit for their fine work. The colorful scenes depicting the Oriental land and the many colored lights contributed greatly to the success.

Junior-Senior Day in May proved to be very humorous. The baseball game was the chief amusement of the afternoon. The teams consisted of five boys and four girls from the two classes. "Bea" Austin, "Tad" Davis, "Margie" McLeod, and "Patchie" were the outstanding feminine baseball players from our class. We all agree, however, that "Margie" and "Bea" who played in the field were the champions who missed every ball. Nevertheless they were good sports and we admire their courage. The seniors won of course. In the evening a social was held. The whole day proved to be an enjoyable one for everybody and provided a good send off for the Class of 1932.

With the arrival of our senior year we began to realize that our

parting from dear old Manning was not far distant. At our first class meeting our officers Ervin Langmaid, president; John Bialek, vice president; Margaret Hamm, secretary; and Sylvia Todd, treasurer, were elected.

In November we had a junior-senior social at which everyone had an enjoyable time. Mr. Conary, in an exhibition of what he called the "Consolation Hop," proved himself to be as entertaining as ever.

In keeping with tradition we presented a three act play in the Town Hall in February. This time it was "Tweedles" by Booth Tarkington. In spite of Austin's bashfulness he was persistent and made a "hit" as a lover. Eleanor Mitchell as Mrs. Albergone played the part of an elderly, dignified, yet charming lady to perfection. However, no description of the play would be complete without mentioning the appearance and actions of Hayes and Sholes. Hayes is our class bluffer anyway; so his actions on the stage were only natural. Everyone in the cast deserves much credit for his hard work and co-operation with the coaches and managers.

Immediately after the senior play, rehearsals were begun for our operetta "Jerry of Jericho Road." which was presented in the Town Hall, April 6. Since this was one of our last public appearances, we strove to do our best. Eleanor Mitchell as "Jerry," Margaret Hamm at "Let." Murray Adams as "Pete," all did fine work, not to mention Harold Sholes as a "detective" and Earl McCormick, our class pest, as "Corn Bean" with his ever-present hot-water bottle. The colorful scene of the masquerade was by far the best throughout the entire show. With the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Tozer our attempts were fruitful, and the operetta was a success in every way.

After the operetta, our thoughts then turned to the preparations for graduation. But our preparations this year were somewhat limited because of the work of "Old Man Depression." However we broad-minded seniors looked the situation squarely in the face, took everything into consideration and agreed to simplify our graduation festivities. Both the boys and girls tucked away their pride in their deepest pockets when it came to the subject of clothes, but in spite of this we looked forward to our graduation with great anticipation.

And so with graduation we come to the end of our high school career. Over many a rough and difficult road have we traveled but our ambition was and will be in the future—to achieve success in lives of service.

Class Prophecy

By Catherine Lucey and James Austin

Time: 1953

Place: Auditorium of the New Ipswich High School

Scene: Class Reunion Banquet

Jim: (Picking up place card) Found at last. Did you have as hard a time as I in finding yourself? For a time I was completely lost.

Kay: Well if you're the person

I think you are, it's only natural.

Jim: Why! I don't know how to take that. Personally I'd take it as a little —

Kay: Well I glanced at that harassed face and I couldn't help but recognize you.

Jim: And such wholesale flippancy could not come from any other person than —

Kay: Catherine—just as sure as I used to sit behind you in French class.

Jim: I can see where this will be a little more interesting than I anticipated. I'm glad I recognized you. Have you time to talk?

Kay: You mean I recognized you. If I hadn't recognized you, you would have sat there in complete oblivion. And I always find time to talk.

Jim: That's fine.

Kay: Let's see if your tongue is as lively as ever. Tell me about yourself.

Jim: Oh me. There is nothing to say. I board the seven-fifteen for Lynn every morning. I'm correspondent reporter for "The Daily Record." Now let me know what you're doing.

Kay: Just what I said I was going to do. My contract with R.K.O. Keith's in Boston has just expired, and I ran down here to take in the reunion. It does seem nice to see the faces of our former classmates, to forget about the cares and worries of the day, and to live over again the days at dear old Manning.

Jim: You certainly hit the nail on the head, Kay, and what's more I think if more people did a little more thinking and a little less worrying, the number of pessimists would decrease rapidly.

Kay: Philosophy from you is surprising. Do you commute?

Jim: Yes, but not alone. Do you see that business looking individual sitting over there with an inquisitive frown on her face?

Kay: That's Anne Patch.

Jim: No less. She's a journalist on my paper, and we see considerable of each other on the train. Just at present we're using the paper as a medium to promote John Bialek's presidential campaign. His face is easily recognized.

Kay: Yes it still has retained its sunburned hue. I've been talking with some other members and gleaned some facts as to their doings in the last twenty years. You see Clifford Bradstreet and George Blodgett? They're in the garage business now.

Jim: What! Bradstreet in partnership? He always appeared to me to be a lone martyr of a lost cause. But it seems to me he did have a leaning towards that in the first place. What do you think of the new high school and principal Peter Retales?

Kay: Well. it's one consolation to know that the pupils won't have to dodge falling plaster. Look at that contemplative man there with the beard. Who can it be?

Jim: Well I may not be good at remembering faces but that's Ernest Smith or I'll eat my hat. What did you find out about him in your quest for information.

Kay: He's a man of letters now. He went far in the fields of chem-

istry and has discovered many new ideas and theories. To think, though, that the baby of the class should change so in twenty years.

Jim: I thought he was cut out for an orchestra but one never can tell. Now you can't fool me on that face. That's Albert Anzuoni. But why the worried furtive look on his unshaven face?

Kay: Can't you see? Do you remember that quiet reserved little girl who semed to have an option on Za?

Jim: Why, Ilene Smith.

Kay: Just so. She isn't quite sure of Za even now, but I guess it's pretty certain. She still looks like Ilene, doesn't she?

Jim: Certainly does. Do you know who's responsible for all those cute little delicatessen shops that seem to be popping up everywhere?

Kay: Why it sems that Helen Galanis always had a burning desire to own a group of stores and now she's satisfying her ambition.

Jim: A lot of us had high flung ambitions. Take Mable Currier. I haven't seen her. She went out to seek her fortune.

Kay: She was sitting over in the corner with some other Rowleyites. It seems she found a berth in the new high school teaching American History.

Jim: Back to the fold, eh?

Kay: Yes. and that's not all. Rose Poirier teaches French in the new institution of learning.

Jim: Please don't mention French. It was one of my stumbling blocks. Go on. You seem well posted.

Kay: I need no urging. I'll wager those two quiet looking people sitting yonder are unfamiliar to your eyes.

Jim: Ask me something hard. That's Ervin Langmaid and Beatrice Austin. What are they doing, though?

Kay: Happily married; at least to all outward appearances. They sort of team up, don't they? Eleanor Mitchell and Theodore Rice combined talents and found success over the radio as "The Harmonizers."

Jim: One moment. I can see one person I don't have to ask about.

Kay: And that is —?

Jim: Barbara Arthur. She capitalized one of her most effective and dangerous attributes. She rolls her eyes now, and Hollywood pays, and the whole world sighs.

Kay: Other people have been basking in the floodlights of public notoriety. While I was in Boston the other day, I was attracted by a bill-board.

Jim: Yes, go on. Who was responsible?

Kay: The same one who is entertaining us to-night, Lillian Player. She is a dancer and in great demand.

Jim: Well, one usually falls into the groove that fits him best. We follow our calling. If we start off on the wrong track, it doesn't take long to find out and make a new start. Take Jane Bokron, she certainly takes the part of an artist. I think the starvation diet of the artist is helping her avoirdupois.

Kay: Yes, but there are always a few who keep the home fires burning. That contented couple, talking

so earnestly, is a good example of that.

Jim: Murray Adams and Sylvia Todd?

Kay: Yes, sir, and living now in a house on the Rowley-Ipswich line to avoid contention.

Jim: And there are some left who say marriages are a failure. Alice Wegzyn is married to a corn fed farmer.

Kay: But you never can tell. Thelma Davis, for instance, was, as one would have thought, destined to be one of the first. The one with the glasses and the book under her arm. She's the school librarian.

Jim: Some of them seem to take an interest in hiding their true calling. Edgar Adams was another. Who would think that that red headed rabbit hunter would turn out to be the platinum blonde proprietor of a New York Night Club.

Kay: This world is full of surprises. I'd never believe that Mary Fido could add so much to her stature in this time. She must be all of six feet:

Jim: Just about. Even some of the most unlikely people have turned over a new leaf. We needed a plumber the other day, and who do you suppose responded to our distress signal?

Kay: A plumber, I suppose.

Jim: Actually, or at least he had all the traits of one. He forgot his tools twice and lost three Stillson wrenches down the drain. I guess he had his mind on family matters. If facts were known, I think we'd find that his voyage over the matrimonial seas in rather tempestuous Yes, sir: tempestuous. Did you ever hear that word before?

Kay: That was Johnny Hayes, the inebriated constable of the Senior Play.

Jim: None other. But I can't place that person there. His face is —

Kay: That's Earle McCormick of Rowley. Does he revive pleasant memories of senior play days?

Jim: Does he! He's an accountant, is he not? Rather stout.

Kay: I'll say, I understand that Katheleen Singer is heiress to a fortune. I guess she can afford to own and pilot her own car now just like her boy friend.

Jim: It was her ambition. Who is that fresh young thing there with the winsome smile?

Kay: She looks as if she had had a course with Edna Wallace Hopper. But no, it's Beatrice Mosher. She's in the hairdressing business now.

Jim: Well, live and learn. I think my nails need attending to and I could use a facial.

Kay: Now, James.

Jim: I can see two old cronies. Where you see one, the other is bound to be in the offing.

Kay: They are easily recognized, aren't they? Dorothea Clapp runs a taxi and Mildred takes in fares.

Jim: That's combining business with pleasure. I can tell you something about George Bournazos.

Kay: Please do.

Jim: He's a wrestling promoter, and his chief stock in trade is a black derby and a big black cigar.

Kay: It only goes to show that we change our ambitions of lesser value to ones of better merit as we

acquire age. He was bound to be a tramp.

Jim: Look at that long drink of water over there just radiating with the tang and health of a salt sea breeze.

Kay: Who? The fellow with the gold braid?

Jim: Yes. Harold Sholes, the chap who was to be a mariner. He's an admiral now and paddles his own canoe. Worked himself up from the ranks, eh? Speaking of wrestlers and athletes, Tony Budzianowski is just as handsome as ever regardless of the loss of hair. You know there seems to be something careless about football coaches. They must let the moths get into their tresses.

Kay: I heard he had his system of coaching patented. But let me have a chance to get a word in edgewise.

Jim: Go ahead. I'm hard to stop, though.

Kay: You're not telling me a thing. Did you see Margaret Hamm and her inseparable?

Jim: Dorothy Miller?

Kay: Yes. They're at the head of the commercial department of the new high school.

Jim: All I can say is that they deserve it. The extra time and effort those girls offered can never be fully appreciated. I see Warren Grant occasionally. He still beats the drums for an orchestra. It isn't hard to see why we named him best looking boy, is it?

Kay: It is not. Who is that athletic looking fellow over there?

Jim: Don't you remember Steve Goverek? He's a basketball coach in one of the larger high schools in New York.

Kay: Steven spent considerable time in sports.

Jim: I can't seem to recollect having any red-headed girl in our tribe.

Kay: It seems that Irene Karchonas was always looking for a redhead. Not being able to find one, she converted her own raven locks into coils of gleaming bronze.

Jim: Our friends seem to have chosen about every walk in life. For example. those two unobtrusive figures clothed in black?

Kay: Looks sometimes are deceiving, but it looks a great deal as if Lennart Swenson and George Torpey have affiliated, Lennart being a clergyman and Torpey an undertaker. They get along famously, I hear. When George has a funeral, it is always from Lennart's church.

Jim: Together they provide some good send-offs. What's this I hear about Steven Kozacki going native in Hawaii with his guitar?

Kay: It's all true. He answered an advertisement, "Learn to play in six easy lessons," and now he is very popular. Someone else I see has joined the ranks of the hairless. Who can it be?

Jim: He is one of the more scholarly members of our gang. He started in young as a druggist and has been in the harness ever since.

Kay: Lazarus Lazaropoulos of course.

Jim: Someone should have suggested that he use some of his own quick action hair tonic.

Kay: He can console himself by remembering that he is only one of

many.

Jim: Yes, all you can do is grin and bear it. That's what Tony Cynkus is doing.

Kay: Tony? Why he was the lad who had quite an affair with an accordion player.

Jim: Yes, and now he's living in Somerville, and family matters have made deep furrows in his noble brow.

Kay: Even the most wary fall into the pit. But most of them seem to have gone into business of some sort. Now did you know that Aldene Marcorelle and Dorothy Greene are running a dressmaking shop on Fifth Avenue?

Jim: Well, they certainly look the part. As I recall, they had plenty of preparation for it.

Kay: They took a great deal of interest in it.

Jim: Some of these quiet girls have surprised me. Why, I never thought that they would stir out of Ipswich.

Kay: Oh, some haven't. There's Christine Scourletis. She finds it very comfortable at home. She spends all her spare time at the library waiting for "Bob." By the way, the library is in charge of Sophie Klos. Sophie is very accommodating. She keeps the doors open as long as Christine and Bob care to stay.

Jim: Someone's burning the midnight oil. Did I tell you about our shy and retiring Randolph Emerson?

Kay: No, but he hasn't changed a freckle since I last saw him.

Jim: He went far in the horticultural world. Did you ever hear of the Emerson strawberry? Well, he's responsible for it. The demand was so great that he had to increase his staff.

Kay: To what extent?

Jim: Well, he advertised, and his old classmate Wilda Parsons answered. She's a brilliant secretary. Randolph is lucky. Sigrid Lind applied but was too late.

Kay: Well, I've always said it. I've always maintained that the early bird gets the worm. Will you kindly inform me as to who that stern looking woman is yonder?

Jim: Well, I won't be certain, but it looks like Mary Johnson. I understand that she teaches now and makes the poor students toe the mark.

Kay: Well, if the pupils were anything like you, she'd need to be stern. Pardon my bluntness.

Jim: I certainly will. But I've turned over a new leaf since then, you know.

Kay: You used to make me so sick.

Jim: Oh that reminds me —

Kay: Now what?

Jim: Merely of that write-up in the paper a short while ago, about the epidemic in school.

Kay: It seems to me I read it.

Jim: I was down here covering it at the time, and I recall vividly the splendid work accomplished by the district nurse.

Kay: You must have fallen for her.

Jim: Just the same Catherine of twenty years ago. If you'd listen just a minute. The nurse turned out to be Stashia Kuconis.

Kay: Well, now, that makes

sense. For a moment I thought you were wandering off the subject, which reminds me of a little episode I experienced while wandering one day. I heard a clanging in the street. A man was shuffling up the road with his grindstone. As he passed, I peered under his slouch hat. It practically floored me.

Jim: Well, don't keep me in suspense.

Kay: Now who's impatient? Well to make a long story longer. Edward Crellin was hiding under the lid. It was just too comical.

Jim: He looks lost without his grindstone.

Kay: If it were appetites that he was sharpening, I can see why he considered it superfluous. Mine is as keen as a meat cleaver. Dorothy can cook, can't she?

Jim: Dorothy who?

Kay: Well, you are unobserving. I don't suppose you know who runs this eating establishment.

Jim: Well I'm not supposed to know every cook by her first name.

Kay: I mean Dorothy Chapman. Doesn't she do a neat job?

Jim: From all outward appearances her cooking agrees with her. I haven't had such an edge on my appetite in a long time and that's saying a lot.

Kay: Well, I can remember when somebody's recess lunches suffered drastically through no other person but you. It must have taken a great deal of physical exertion to keep yourself fit.

Jim: Even so, I couldn't retain such a trim figure as Margaret McLeod. She's as pleasing to the eyes as she ever was. You can't tell me she knits for a living.

Kay: The longer I sit here the more I wonder how you got as far as you have without getting run over. What do you do — go around with your eyes shut? She and Bessie Lampropolos are to play in the interstate t e n n i s championship tournament. The play-off date is to be set soon.

Jim: Well I declare to goodness! One would never think that I was in any way connected with an up-to-date newspaper.

Kay: Well, off hand, judging by the amount of up-to-date news I'm getting; I'd say that you were merely a cub-reporter for "Poor Richard's Almanac.

Jim: Well, you see it's this way. I get paid for telling news on the paper, but here it's just gratis and not half appreciated.

Kay: Now, Jimmy, you know better than to think that.

Jim: Well, supposing you tell me more since I'm so uninformed.

Kay: Here goes then. Take Mary Los; do you know what she's doing?

Jim: As I remember she wanted to enjoy herself. She looks contented.

Kay: Exactly. Ever since she left school, she's been looking for pleasure and entertainment.

Jim: I wish I could afford to.

Kay: I shall now delve further into the mellow reminiscences of the past.

Jim: Don't let them get the best of you.

Kay: Nothing has yet. But to continue. There are two successful potentates of the financial world, Louise Minichello and Mary Will-

iams.

Jim: I presume you mean secretaries to presidents of railroads and beef packers, etc.

Kay: No less. You're progressing rapidly.

Jim: I'm a wonderful and thrilling listener.

Kay: You're not getting sarcastic. Let it pass.

Jim: I bet I can stick you, though.

Kay: Well, there's no harm in trying.

Jim: Then what's Theodore Cuik doing?

Kay: Well just at present he's going through strange maneuvers with his body and gesticulating wildly with his arms.

Jim: Exactly. He's turned "pro" and pitches for the Red Sox.

Kay: Well, I didn't know that. But I can remember it.

Jim: Please don't insinuate. But anyway, we've been talking a considerable length of time. We must have discussed everybody.

Kay: Not all. Phyllis Chisholm has not been mentioned and neither has Emily Savage. Rumor has it that Phyllis is superintendent of one of the largest hospitals in Boston.

Jim: What is Emily doing?

Kay: She lives in Ipswich and runs a duck farm. Her helper is the boy that always kept her from getting lonely at recess in school.

Jim: And then there's Helen Kozeneska and Mary Clemeno. They couldn't be left out.

Kay: I remember that Helen had quite a period of illness during her senior year. But she came through with flying colors. She is a professor of Latin in a girl's preparatory school.

Jim: Well, it takes brains to learn Latin; so it must take more brains to teach it. She is ideally suited for her work.

Kay: I know for a fact that you always like to do things better if you take an interest in them. Mary Clemeno strengthens that theory. She found delight in arranging her classmate's hair; now she runs a beauty parlor and has all the work she wants.

Jim: It seems strange when we hear of our old friends so busy and ambitious. Why, it only seems like yesterday that we were the gay and carefree bunch who went up so proudly to receive our diplomas. But now time has wrought considerable change.

Kay: You'll have me in tears if I don't say something. Jimmy, don't you think that it's just an outward change? Don't you think that still down in their hearts they're just same? Their real self is just sort of camouflaged by the responsibilities of the day?

Jim: Yes, but we could go on and on. How can we put all the pent-up feelings of these long years into one afternoon's conversation?

Kay: That's right, and anyway I heard that our class orator and educator, Peter Retales is going to give us a speech on the subject "Free from the clutches of Depression" in the spacious open air auditorium, and it's time to be going.

Jim: Let's go then and continue in our next.

Gifts to Girls

By Harold Sholes

IZAAC WALTON once wrote a story called "The Complete Angler." While reading it one night I became so absorbed in its beauty and graceful style that I was completely carried away. When I came to I found myself sitting under a willow on the Lea River, with the one and only Izaac at my side. We were engaged in a kind of fishing which Izaac had never before dreamed of. As we cast our hooks, first one then the other, our catch resulted in something remarkable. We continued until it began to grow dark. Then gathering up our catch, I put it in a bag and brought it home. I am going to let my classmates enjoy my most peculiar find.

Now to Barbara Arthur this baby Austin to use in case a certain Ford should fail to function properly.

A flashlight seems to be a fitting gift to Beatrice Austin, to light her way home in those wee hours of the morn.

To Jane Bokron, our class artist, this box of paints for use on magazine covers.

These miniature bags of cement will hold together forever the friendship which exists between Mildred Rogers and Dorothea Clapp.

To Mary Clemeno this can of Ovaltine to induce pleasant dreams, especially of "Jerry."

This waste basket goes to Thelma Davis. If used conscientiously, drawers, desks, closet doors, etc., may be kept closed with little difficulty and present a neater appearance.

A pair of glasses will relieve the eye-strain caused by the constant studying of Mary Fido.

This post card goes to Helen Galanis to serve as a means of communication with "Willie."

"A stitch in time saves nine" seems to be Dorothy Greene's motto. Only one gift seems proper in this case, a petit sewing outfit.

A walking stick will help Margaret Hamm in her walks to Hamilton.

To Mary Johnson, this road map for use on her tours with her sister through the maze of Ipswich highways.

Irene Karchonas has been looking for a red-headed boy friend for some time. As yet she has not found one. This can of red paint should make the search successful.

To Helen Kozeneska goes this banjo. She knows someone who can give her lessons.

This thermometer is for Stashia Kuconis. She is to be a nurse.

To Bessie Lampropoulos, alias "Peanuts," this bag to serve as a reminder of her name and fame in school days.

To Sigrid Lind, our man-hater, this shield to ward off Cupid's arrows.

Catherine Lucey is to receive a necktie rack on which to keep the neckties she so easily secured by robbing innocent sophomores.

Roller skates will help increase Mary Los's speed in maneuvering about town or even in a trip to Essex.

This bat goes to Aldene Marcorelle. She can use it in her next

game of "peggy."

To Margaret McLeod, our class chauffeur, this automobile crank.

This microscopic edition of the "Cub" is the pet which awaits the admiring glances of Dot Miller, who so faithfully typed during her illustrious years at Manning.

Louise Minichiello always arrived home late nights after school. This airplane should be of some aid in the future.

To Eleanor Mitchell, this fiddle to remind her of her fiddling junior.

Beatrice Mosher is to receive a pair of curling irons to be used in her "Beauty Salon."

To Anne Patch, this cushion to make her ride on the truck with "Jonny" more comfortable.

Lillian Player delights in perambulators. It seems fitting to award her this doll to add to her list of charges.

To Rose Poirier, our class saint, this white robe.

A book of the latest fashions goes to Christine Scourletis. She is to be the future style setter.

To Kathleen Singer, as grandmother of our class, this bottle of hair restorer.

Sylvia Todd is to receive this nut cracker for use on the class nut.

Alice Wegzyn, the farmer of our class, is to receive this hoe.

To Mary Williams, our future aviatrix, this latest model airplane.

To Wilda Parsons, this block of paper for writing to "Richy."

Dorothea Chapman, who delights in riding on bakery trucks, is to receive this loaf of "Wonder Bread."

To Mable Currier, this little truck. I don't think Art's will last much longer.

To Emily Savage, our doll collector, this little doll called "Don."

To our All American Girl, Ilene Smith, goes this football emblem to recall her friendships with the various stars of Manning's eleven.

To Phyllis Chisholm goes this drawing book to keep her interested in "Art."

A pair of glasses is an asset to any school "marm." We give this pair to Sophie Klos to speed her along in her chosen profession.

Now that my catch has been disposed of. I shall go back and finish my delightful story. I hope the fish story was enjoyed by all.

Gifts to Boys

By Thelma Davis

DURING our vacation in April, Bea and I found to our sorrow that we had little to do in the way of amusement. It was getting towards the latter part of the week, and we still had done nothing which we could justly term enjoyment. Being somewhat disappointed with our dull week, we decided that it was about time we did some thinking. We have that ability even though many do not realize it. Finally Bea suggested visiting Gloucester and I was entirely in accord with the suggestion. We immediately began packing a few odds and ends that we might need for a week end stay.

After much confusion we finally got on our way, proceeding over the dusty New England road to Gloucester and filled with much enthusiasm over the prospect before us, since we had decided to visit Smuggler's Cave.

It so happens that this cave is rarely visited. In order to get there we had to leave the car at the Coast Guard Station and proceed from there on foot by a path which led up a near-by hill to the cave. It was very difficult walking as the path was unusually rocky and steep. We continued along for some distance on this path when Bea struck her foot against a stone and stumbled. This seemed quite funny to me, and I laughed. However her time to laugh came when I was precipitated down a slight incline by means of the well known somersault. Fortunately I came to a perfect landing directly in front of the entrance to the cave. Bea followed in a more becoming manner. We gazed into the dark recess of the cave, recalling the tales connected with it. Some people claim that it had been used for secreting treasures, and others that it had recently been employed by smugglers for the purpose of hiding their wares.

It was some time before we got up enough courage to enter. The only means of light was a small flashlight we had taken from the car. After much hesitation we entered, but our courage failed when we were unceremoniously welcomed by a congregation of rats. These scurried in all directions for regions untold, much to our profound relief. Continuing on our exploration we came upon a larger opening resembling a small room, dimly lighted by a crevice at the top. A few rocks were scattered about, and on two of them we seated ourselves to rest and to entertain each other with stories of the cave.

"Wouldn't it be swell if we found some of that treasure?" remarked Bea, after a few minutes had elapsed.

"It certainly would," I replied.

Suddenly I noticed a queer-looking rock in the wall in a distant corner.

"Bea, what is that queer shaped rock?"

"Where?" asked Bea.

"Why over in that corner," I answered. "Let's go over and take a look."

"Why it's loose," Bea exclaimed.

Immediately we set about moving the rock. Suddenly Bea uttered one of her shrill cries of delight. For after we had removed the rock we discovered in the opening a large carved box of marquetry.

"At last we have found the treasure!" shouted Bea.

With difficulty we pulled the box out and raised the cover, thereby discovering all sorts of valuable objects. Bea held up a package of blonde dye and started to laugh.

"Wouldn't this be perfect for Edgar Adams? His secret ambition, to be a platinum blonde, may now be realized."

An harmonica happened to drop to the floor, but it did not escape our notice. I brought it along thinking it would be a great help to Murray Adams in accompanying his

love songs under a certain Rowley girl's window. We suggest the old popular ballad "Who is Sylvia?"

A miniature racing car went on a wild rampage when the spring became unwound, reminding us of Anzuoni, who loves to race in his car. This car would easily speed over to Anzuoni, but it would be safer for all of us if he came up and received it properly.

As we were digging into the chest we were getting very much excited. What was next? Lo! and behold! a jewelry box. Just the thing for James Austin. He loves to collect jewelry from his girl friends, and he needs a safe place in which to keep it.

Near to this jewelry box was a large mitt. This reminded us of John Bialek, who was captain of the '33 baseball team.

Imagine our surprise to unearth a toy horse. We decided to give this to George Blodgett, hoping he will be safer than when driving an automobile.

We next unfurled a large red cloth which turned out to be a bandanna handkerchief. I bequeath this to George Bournazos, since it is his ambition to become a tramp.

The next object was a test tube. Of course a boy who wishes to be a scientist can make good use of it. Therefore I saved it for Clifford Bradstreet.

A football appears to be next on the program, and it doesn't take much deliberation to determine who is to receive it. Of course, none other than Tony Budzianowski, who has served as captain of the "33 football team so successfully.

The treasure box yielded also this "petit" knife. Bea and I did not know just what to do with this unique object of cutlery. After much discussion we finally decided Edward Crellin could use it to much advantage since his future vocation is to be knife-grinding.

We delved further into the contents of this ancient container and drew forth a miniature pair of stilts which presented quite a problem. A solution came out of clear skies when memories of Theodore Cuik drifted to us in the lovely cave. He had such a hard time seeing over his classmates that we shall relieve him of this tiring labor by presenting him with these stilts.

The next object unearthed was a key.

"It must be the key to some city," I remarked. Which city I am not sure, but I believe that Tony Cynkus will find it is a duplicate of the key to the city of Somerville. Therefore I saved it for him.

Strange as it may seem a hoe was protruding from the contents of the chest. We thought a hoe could be used properly by Randolph Emerson in his strawberry patch.

A little book lay beneath the hoe and since it is entitled "Suggestions for the Debater" I think that Stephen Goverek could derive much benefit from it.

Bea held up a small jar of beauty cream and thought that Warren Grant, our best-looking boy, could use it to maintain his Apollo-like beauty.

In the midst of our discoveries we perceived a lunch box, large enough to supply the appetite of John

Hayes on his plumbing expeditions.

The second musical instrument in this source of treasures was a guitar of small dimensions for Stephen Kozazcki which he may carry around in his watch pocket.

Again I dug in and discovered an aeroplane which seemed to me to be fitting for Ervin Langmaid, for he is studying aviation. It will also carry him quickly to County Road. When I suggested this to Bea, she blushed.

Our treasure box seems to be assuming the proportions of a library for here is a second book. But this time, it is of a Roman character and our Latin student Lazarus Lazaropoulos, may read it in his leisure hours.

Now our magic box looks more like a nursery, for here is a little doll which answers to the name of Barbara. We believed that Earle McCormick will be pleased with this remembrance.

The next object reminded us of our class orator, Peter Retales. This megaphone will aid him in making himself heard in his eloquent speeches.

A microphone is suitable for Theodore Rice so he can broadcast his crooning programs.

From this chest we also drew a little boat. Perhaps some sailor might have used it in the days of yore, and as we have a future sailor with us, we give it to Harold Sholes to take him down to the sea in ships.

On the bottom of this, by now nearly empty chest, lay this paint brush which is yearning to be used by Ernest Smith on the billboards of the highways.

This priceless gift is a pencil box for Lennart Swenson in which to place his unending supply of pencils.

And now the last object of art goes to George Torpey, the boy with the smile that charms. It is a shovel that will aid him in the burial services which he carries on after sunset.

The chest was empty and we had found the desired gifts. We gathered them together and with much difficulty carried them to the car, much pleased with our visit to Smuggler's Cave and considered our vacation a profitable one despite its unpromising beginning.

Class Will

By Peter Retales

BE it remembered that we, the class of 1933 of Ipswich in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life do make our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

To the Faculty

Item: A sound detector to enable them to hear the slightest whisper.

Item: A mammoth wastebasket in which to throw the afternoon slips.

Item: A truckload of mothballs for each member of the faculty who possesses a racoon rug, to preserve it during the summer months.

To the Student Body of M. H. S.:

Item: A crossbow to each spitball artist.

Item: An automatic thinking machine for the mathematicians.

To the Freshmen:

Item: The honor of being officially bounced outdoors during recesses when attempting to sing in an agonizing tone.

Item: The privilege of participating in those little affairs of action widely known as initiations.

To the Sophomores:

Item: The privilege of becoming upperclassmen.

Item: The privilege of selecting class colors.

Item: The privilege of patrolling the lower corridors for lost freshmen.

To the Juniors:

Item: A vacuum cleaner to clear the aisles of all obstructing debris and sunken derelicts which are a menace to traffic during the rush hour at one-thirty p.m.

To Charles Adams, a car which is good on the pickup.

To John Alexander, a megaphone to drive the classes out with his loud orations.

To Charles Bailey, the title of "Class Lover."

To Dana Brown, a gag to keep him quiet when surrounded by his feminine friends.

To Meredith Clapp, a bugle to call all the alley cats when he is peddling fish.

To Adolph Clemeno, an airplane to fly to "Georgia."

To Joseph Dupray, a nickel to put in his radiator in order to make it percolate.

To James Geanopoulos, a straight jacket to keep him from jumping around in Room IV.

To John Gorski, a "Big Bertha" to help him hunt ducks successfully.

To Norman Greenberg, the song "Georgetown Blues."

To Curtis Haley, the position of Captain on Martha's rowboat.

To Frances Kent, a base drum to replace the cover of his desk.

To Serge Kosinski, a copy of the book "Quarterbacks."

To Robert Laite, a silver lining for his "McLeod."

To Frederick Langmaid, a pipe to pipe his blues away.

To John Maciejowski, an exerciser to keep him "fit as a fiddle."

To John Markos, a dictaphone to record his timely news.

To Forrest Parsons, permission to lock himself up in his "Garrett."

To Walter Pietrovitch, a letter carrier to carry his notes.

To Joseph Podmostka, a "Rosie" outlook for the coming football season.

To Edward Rhodes, an alarm clock to enable him to arrive early and often at school.

To John Saunders, the position of janitor in the corridors of M. H. S.

To Amor Scahill, a diving suit to keep him submerged.

To Roy Scott. the song "Down By The Old Mill Stream."

To Fred Whittier, a sidecar for his motorcycle to make room for a Christian.

To Harold Wile, permission to

pick his blue "Perry."

To Ann Adamovicz, a racket to increase her notorious court record.

To Theodora Burbank, the book "Red Passion."

To Helen Christopher, a platter on which to serve her dainty cookies.

To Vera Garrett, when driving, the right of way and plenty of room.

To Mary Hall, a chamois cloth to keep the desks polished in Room IV.

To Martha Hinckley, a new rowboat to replace the old one. We hope she will do a little rowing.

To Edith Mansfield, a telephone to help her to talk uninterruptedly with her friend across the aisle.

To Czeslawa Marcinkiewicz, a joke book to keep her "Merry."

To Margaret O'Malley, permission to ring the alarm for fire drills.

To Georgia Scourletis, a broom to help her clean the aisles in Room IV.

To Virginia Singer, the book "A Singer Must Sing."

To Blanche Bakula, Helen Lazaropoulos, and Gertrude Gwozdz, the book "Are We Listening?"

To Leona Earley, the advice to grow up.

To Mary Barton, Cupid's arrow to get her "Archie."

To Annie Brown, the book "Just Another Brown."

To Mary Graham, plenty of rain to keep her "Brooks" running.

To Wanda Mackiewicz, the privilege of keeping track of Miss Allen's magazines.

To Pauline Pappas, the book "Polly and Jim."

To Marion Perkins, a pair of windshield wipers for her spectacles when it's raining.

To Doris Pickard, a Packard to take her places.

To Martha Russ, the title of "Class Saint."

To Jennie Scibisz, a full fledged membership in "Witham's Troupe."

To Anna Sojka, the song "The Girl in the Five and Ten Cent Store."

To Alice Witham, a rope to keep Chet corralled.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will, this twenty-first day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three.

Class of 1933.

On this twenty-first day of June A. D. of 1933 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence declaring it to be their last will and hereafter we three, as witnesses and at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

Peter Retales,
Ervin Langmaid, President,
John Bialek, Vice President.

Graduation Program

M. H. S. MARCH — Tozer

M. H. S. Orchestra

INVOCATION

THE GYPSY TRAIL — Galloway

The Girls' Glee Club

ESSAY — Education in a Time of Crisis

Lazarus Lazaropoulos

ESSAY — Then and Now

Ervin Langmaid

HOME ON THE RANGE — Guion

The Boys' Glee Club

ESSAY — World Peace

Anne Patch

MOSAIC OVERTURE — Seredy

M. H. S. Orchestra

ADDRESS

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

Dr. Ernest J. Smith, Chairman of School Committee

BENEDICTION

Class Day Program

ANNUAL CLASS DAY EXERCISES

By

M. H. S. CLASS OF 1933

Wednesday, June 21, 1933

Part I

"THREE PILLS IN A BOTTLE"

A Fantasy in One Act

By

Rachel Lyman Field

Characters

Tony Sims	Ernest Smith
The Widow Sims, his mother	Eleanor Mitchell
A Middle-Aged Gentleman	John Hays
His Soul	Earle McCormick
A Scissors Grinder	John Bialek
His Soul	Harold Sholes
A Scrub Woman	Beatrice Austin
Her Soul	Beatrice Mosher

Time: Now or then
Place: Anywhere or nowhere
Scene: A room in the Widow Sims' house

Part II

Class History	Sylvia Todd
Class Prophecy	Catherine Lucey
	James Austin

Time: 1953
Place: Auditorium of New Ipswich High School
Scene: Class reunion banquet

Gifts to Girls	Harold Sholes
Gifts to Boys	Thelma Davis
Class Will	Peter Retales
School Song	

Music by M. H. S. Orchestra

HONOR AWARDS

FOURTH YEAR — GOLD RING

Anne Patch '33 John Bialek '33

THIRD YEAR — GOLD PIN

Eleanor Mitchell '33 Beatrice Austin '33

Margaret McLeod '33

SECOND YEAR — SILVER PIN

Marion Perkins '34 Virginia Patch '35

Thelma Davis '33

FIRST YEAR — BRONZE PIN

Barbara Wood '35 Barbara Schofield '35

Mary Williams '33

HONOR STUDENTS

The following students have maintained an average of 85 percent for four years:

John Bialek
Mary Fido
Helen Kozeneska
Ervin Langmaid
Lazarus Lazaropoulos
Dorothy Miller
Anne Patch
Rose Poirier

EDGAR ADAMS

"Egger" is our strawberry blond hunter from the wharf district. The poor rabbits wear a very worried expression on their faces when he is about. During the hot summer months he patronizes a very exclusive bathing resort which is for boys alone. He is quiet and retiring but his career has not been entirely void of feminine admirers. A. A.

MURRAY ADAMS

Murray is one of our busy members and has taken part in many of the class activities. Although he was voted class nut, the girls think otherwise. He did good work as stage manager of the Senior Play and as an old-time westerner in the Operetta. A. A.; Football; Basketball; Baseball.

ALBERT ANZUONI

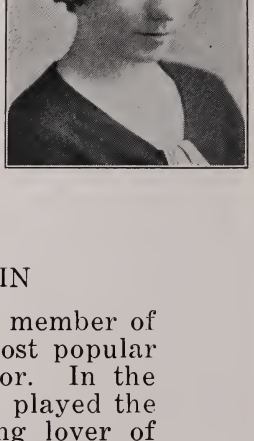
"Za" is one of our most popular members and a willing follower of any scheme that may be underfoot. His co-operation in all school activities and his good-natured smile has made him a general favorite. With "Smitty" cheering him on the side lines "Za" is certain to make the opposing eleven look worried. A. A.; Vice President of Varsity Club; Football.

BARBARA ARTHUR

"Barbs" is a brown eyed blonde —one of the kind that gentlemen prefer. Perhaps this is what aided her in selling $100 worth of tickets to win her "M." "Barbs" had the part of a sophisticated vamp in the operetta and played her role to perfection. A. A.; Glee Club; French Club; Operetta; "Tiger" Staff; Basketball.

BEATRICE AUSTIN

"Bea" is a cute little maid and the feminine half of the class lovers. Most of us envy her curly hair and extremely sunny disposition. She and "Tad" are inseparable, and they make a welcome addition to any group. A. A.; French Club; Glee Club; Operetta; Senior Play; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staff; Honor Award. Latin Club; Basketball; Class Day Play.

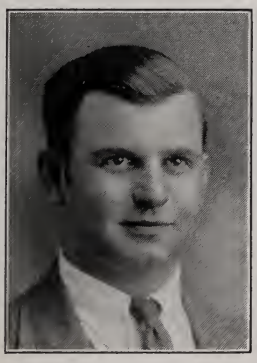


JAMES AUSTIN

"Jim" is a prominent member of our class. He is the most popular boy and also class actor. In the senior play he certainly played the part of a dreamy young lover of "Bristol Glass" to perfection. His antics keep us merry and make him indispensable. A. A.; Varsity Club; Assistant Stage Manager of Operetta; Vice-President of French Club; "Tiger" Staff; Football; Basketball; Class Day part.

JOHN BIALEK

"Johnnie" was a quiet unobstrusive person for the first three years of his high school career, but during his last year he has made himself both heard and seen. He was captain of the baseball and hockey teams and was elected class athlete, also class blusher. A. A.; Secretary of Varsity Club; "Tiger" Staff; Football; Baseball; Vice-President of Class; Honor Student; Class Day Play; Honor Award.



GEORGE BLODGETT

Sometimes he comes on the bus, sometimes in a Ford, and then it was in a cream-colored coupe. George won instant admiration and respect when he came up the avenue one cold winter morning with a real racoon coat on. We thought it was a Harvard graduate that got off at the wrong place. As editor of the "Slam Bang" George certainly dug up some deep and incriminating evidence. "Cub" Staff; A. A.

JANE BOKRON

"Jimmy" is a plump, curly haired, vivacious little creature who has a desire to draw. She was elected class artist and the "Cub" covers certainly benefited by her interest in this line. We miss Jane when she is not around, and she certainly won't be forgotten soon. A. A.; Glee Club; Treasurer of Commercial Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Basketball.

GEORGE BOURNAZOS

"Barrell" is one of our athletes and our would-be-wrestler. We thought we had lost him, but his beaming face finally reappeared and was reinstated in Mrs. Lord's sanctuary. Football games were not a success without him. His humor and good-nature make him an all-round favorite. A. A.: Football; Baseball; Basketball; "Tiger" Staff.

CLIFFORD RRADSTREET

"Cliff" is far from being a conversationalist and because of his quiet and bashful manners he was elected our class woman-hater. Although he rarely speaks in class, he does his work capably and industriously especially in Science and Math classes.

ANTHONY BUDZIANOWSKI

"Bud" is a strong, handsome lad whose chief interest is athletics. His interest has proved an asset to the school, for as captain he led the football and basketball teams through very successful seasons President of A. A.; President of Varsity Club; "Tiger" Staff; Business Manager of Operetta.

DOROTHEA CHAPMAN

"Dot" hails from Rowley. She is of the hail-fellow-well-met type and is bound to be liked. She has a weakness for truck drivers. Glee Club.

PHYLLIS CHISHOLM

"Phyl" goes around with a smile and a nod for everyone. She is quiet in school, but we know that she is a whirlwind in social circles outside. A. A.; Glee Club.

DOROTHEA CLAPP

"Dotty" and "Midge" are another pair of class inseparables. When "Dotty" got her license, things began to happen, and she was seen flashing everywhere. A. A.; Glee Club; Operetta.

MARY CLEMENO

Mary is a plump lass whose chief worry is Latin. But she needn't worry, for she has nearly perfect translations. Mary is ambitious to become a hairdresser and from what we've seen of her handiwork we're quite sure she'll be a success. A. A.; Glee Club; French Club; Latin Club.

EDWARD CRELLIN

"Ed" has a quiet disposition, perhaps because he hails from Rowley. When he speaks, it is in a low voice and never out of turn. We enjoy having him with us.

THEODORE CUIK

"Teddy" is one of the brilliant minds among us. How he solves his physics problems is more than most of us can see. He almost became embarrassed when he thought he was going to be the class baby. Baseball; A. A.

ANTHONY CYNKUS

"Tony" is our class sheik from across the tracks. If it isn't the car, it must be that irresistible attraction Tony has for the fairer sex, but anyway, he spends most of his time before chapel musing over lengthy letters from Somerville. He held down guard position on the gridiron. Treasurer of Varsity Club; A. A.; Football.

MABEL CURRIER

Mabel is "Dot's" pal, and she also comes from Rowley. She has black hair, rosy cheeks, and a sunny disposition. Glee Club.

THELMA DAVIS

Here's "Tad," the shy heroine of the senior play. She came to us from Hamilton during her junior year and straight way made herself indispensable to the class. She loves her chum "Bea" and has a weakness for a lower class boy. A. A.; Secretary of Glee Club; French Club; Senior Play; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Operetta; Honor Award, Basketball; Class Day Part.

RANDOLPH EMERSON

If it weren't for a few conscientious members, the standard of the class would certainly be much lower. Emerson is one of our earnest students. He is of the type that is bound to succeed. He is retiring and because of the distance from us that he lives, we haven't seen as much of him as we should have liked. "Tiger" Staff; A. A.

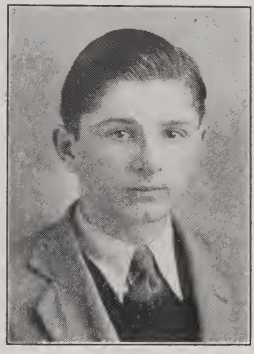
MARY FIDO

Mary is a tiny girl but one who proves that good things come in small packages. She has a keen mind and is a very industrious worker. "Spider" is one of the honor group. Glee Club; French Club; Operetta.

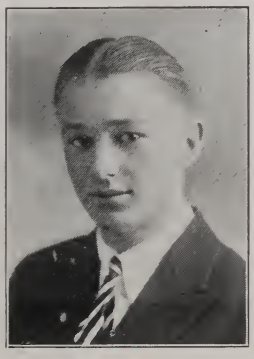
HELEN GALANIS

"Len" spends most of her spare time concocting sodas and fancy ice cream dishes and is quite proficient in the art. She is also keenly interested in all school activities. Basketball; Vice-president of Commercial Club; Glee Club; A. A.

STEPHEN GOVEREK



"Govey" was so quiet that he makes the Sphinx of Egypt sound like a trip hammer working full blast. Even though he isolated himself from the rest of us, his good class work and regular attendance more than made up for it. He is well known among the boys for his proficient work as manager of baseball and basketball. A. A.; Manager of Baseball and Basketball.



WARREN GRANT

Warren is our best looking boy. With that winning glance there's hardly any need of mentioning the fact, is there? The orchestra and band will miss him next year, for Warren's ability as a drummer is unquestionable. It is rather hard to follow his affairs with the fair sex for just when we think it's all settled. along comes someone else. Concert Orchestra; Dance Orchestra; Band.

DOROTHY CREENE

Whenever we hear loud whispering, we are sure that "Dot" is near. Her one trial of life is enduring Mr. Conary's teasing in chemistry lab. "Dot" and Aldene are inseparable pals. Glee Club.

MARGARET HAMM

"'Peg" is one of our most popular girls. She is a happy-go-lucky person and is always ready to do something new and interesting. Her ability to sing helped to make the Operetta a success. All her interests seem to be centered on Hamilton. Treasurer of Glee Club; A. A.; President of Commercial Club; Secretary of Senior Class; Operetta; "Cub" and "Tiger' 'Staffs; Jazz Orchestra; Basketball.

JOHN HAYES

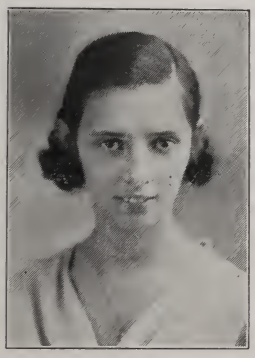
"Johnnie" no doubt is wandering Alp the second. He towers high above his classmates and is looked down on only by Eel Sholes. His heart, though, is not as frigid as the great heights of the Alps. His warm affection for his classmates, especially the women folk, has won for him a spot in everyone's memory. A. A.; Football; Senior Play; Class Bluffer; Class Day Play.

MARY JOHNSON

Mary, to be sure, is "une fille de belle esprit." She always has an answer ready for you. We shall all remember her for her difficulty in making us hear and her ability as a debater in Economics. Glee Club; A. A.

IRENE KARCHONAS

Irene is a pleasant girl full of good spirits and noisy laughter. She was quite interested in a freshman for a while, but freshmen antics were too much for her and she got over it. Glee Club; Commercial Club; A. A.



SOPHIE KLOS

Although we don't hear much from Sophie, she certainly furnishes some of the lower classmen with entertainment. She is industrious and is one of the few who always have their work done. A. A.; Glee Club; Commercial Club.

STEPHEN KOZACKI

"Gedunk" or "Stevike," whichever suits your fancy but at the mention of which a senior with a Harvard haircut will answer you, is a rare case of feminine weakness which has a bad hold upon him. To aid him further in winning the heart of the fair beings he is a talented guitar player. Good luck, Gedunk! A. A.; Orchestra.

HELEN KOZENESKA

Helen has been one of our leading students throughout her high school career. She has a delightful personality, and we certainly missed her when she was absent for two long months. We all wish you the best of success, Helen. Glee Club; Latin Club; Treasurer of French Club; A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Honor Roll; Honor Award.

STASHIA KUCONIS

Although to most of us Stashie appears to be a reserved, bashful member of the class, she is nevertheless quite jovial and full of fun when you get to know her. She always has something interesting to tell us in Economics class. Glee Club; A. A.; Commercial Club.

BESSIE LAMPROPOULOS

Bessie is possessed of two endearing characteristics—a merry giggle and twinkling brown eyes. She is a pleasant little busybody whom we all like. A. A.; Glee Club; Operetta; Basketball.

ERVIN LANGMAID

"Ervie" came to us during our sophomore year. We immediately recognized his leadership and elected him president for our junior and senior years. He has led us through difficult years with flying colors. But he isn't as serious as he may seem, for he is the masculine half of the class lovers. President of Senior Class; Business Manager of "Cub" and "Tiger"; Senior Play; A. A.; French Club; Graduation Essay.

LAZARUS LAZAROPOULOS

"Lazzie" is evidently getting the most of his education. Latin has gripped him in a fascinating spell that rarely befalls even the most industrious students. He shared his vast knowledge with other Romans-to-be during recess and often attracted a large group about his desk. Little wonder he is to be a druggist. French Club; A. A.; Latin Club; Honor Roll; Graduation Essay.

SIGGRID LIND

Sigrid is a quiet unobstrusive member of the class and one of those rare girls who believes "silence is golden." She was elected class man-hater because of her desire for solitude. Glee Club.

MARY LOS

Mary divides her time between studying and making fun. She is fond of a good time and interested in any scheme afoot. Her frequent visits to Essex arouse our suspicions. Glee Club; Commercial Club; Basketball.

CATHERINE LUCEY

Here is a vivacious, fun loving chatterbox. "Kay" is a bright spot on a dull day. She appreciates a good joke and her own antics and sallies would rouse the sense of humor in a robot. She got honorable mention as class pest and certainly deserved it. Glee Club; French Club; Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff; A. A.; Class Day Part.

ALDENE MARCORELLE

Aldene seems to be apalled at the noise and bustle of the rest of us and little wonder. She is a pleasant girl and not as shy as she first appears. Domestic science and "Dot" seem to take up most of Aldene's time. Glee Club.

EARLE McCORMICK

"Mac" is crowned class pest and how well he lives up to this. In spite of his "anfractuosities" of temperament he still prides himself on the fact that he is one of us. Pest or no pest he won the heart of a pretty sophomore and has so far as we can see maintained it. A. A.; Varsity Club; Operetta; Senior Play; Band and Orchestra; Class Day Play.

MARGARET McLEOD

"Margie" has charge of the candy room and perhaps that is one of the reasons for its popularity. She is very quiet when she is left by herself but when she gets with "Patchy," the fun begins. "Margie" is partial to blonds. Glee Club; Operetta; Secretary of French Club: Honor Award; A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Latin Club.

DOROTHY MILLER

"Dot" is our prize commercial student and is on the honor roll. But studies do not take up all her time, for "Louie" comes in for his share of attention. She and "Peg" are pals. Basketball; Commercial Club; Vice-president of Glee Club; A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staff.

LOUISE MINICHIELLO

Louise comes to school in the bus every morning. She is a happy little person with a kind word for everyone. Glee Club; Commercial Club; A. A.; Operetta.

ELEANOR MITCHELL

Eleanor is our class actress and truly deserves the title. She took the part of a narrow minded elderly lady in the senior play and the lovely heroine of the operetta with equal ease. Eleanor has a fine voice and entertained us one morning in chapel. We expect her to make good on Broadway. Operetta; Senior Play; Glee Club; A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Class Day Play; Honor Award.

BEATRICE MOSHER

Here is "Bea"—our class vamp, boyologist, and prettiest girl all in one. She is a breezy, happy-go-lucky, little person with great managing ability. She certainly brought us through the troubles of class pictures with flying colors. A. A.; Glee Club; Class Day Play.

WILDA PARSONS

"Willie" is the girl with the big brown eyes and innocent stare. She is one of the most capable of our commercial students. She is a donation from Rowley and a welcome one too. Glee Club; Secretary of Commercial Club.

ANNE PATCH

"Patchy" is one of the most popular girls in the class. She is also one of our best scholars. How she can manage her studies together with all her social affairs is a mystery to most of us. She's in on everything. Candy room; Basketball; President of Glee Club; President of French Club; Ex-president of Latin Club; A. A.; Operetta; Senior Play; Honor Roll; "Cub" Staff; Editor-in-chief of "Tiger"; Honor Award; Graduation Essay; Concert Orchestra.

LILLIAN PLAYER

"Lil" has one weakness—dancing. And we can say that she certainly dances well. This pleasant maid claims that her ambition is to win a dance marathon. We wish you the best of luck, "Lil." Glee Club.

ROSE POIRIER

Rose is our class saint. She is quiet in most classes, but she leaves the rest of us way behind when it comes to talking French. She is an ambitious and diligent student. French Club; Glee Club.

PETER RETALES

"Pete" is one of our most industrious students. His serious attitude in classes always aroused everyone's interest. Football: Varsity Club; A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Class Day Part.

THEODORE RICE

"Ted" believes that his own company is the best. The rest of the class has felt that he has a warm spot in any teacher's heart. However his casual comments often caused much hilarity among the rest of the boys. A. A.

MILDRED ROGERS

"Midge" is a tiny person who leaves a big gap when she is not around. For a time she was deeply interested in Rowley. Her chief occupation seems to be riding with "Dottie" and she does not fear for her life as some of us would. Glee Club; Operetta; A. A.

EMILY SAVAGE

Emily is a Rowley girl who has a yearning for Ipswich and a certain lower classman. We're glad she finally decided to be one of us. Glee Club; A. A.

CHRISTINE SCOURLETIS

Christine is one of our "Cub" artists. Her sole ambition is to go to art school and we know that she will be a great success. She is a good sport and we are always glad to have her with us. Glee Club; Operetta; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; A. A.

KATHLEEN SINGER

"Kit" may be our class grandmother but she is just as gay as the rest of us. She is a good worker and always has her lessons done. Most of her spare time is spent riding with "Jerry." Glee Club; Operetta.

HAROLD SHOLES

Harold is better known as the "Eel." He has been asked how the weather is up where his head is so many times that we wonder he didn't tire of it. He could walk across the stage at the Town Hall in four strides. He can still do it. Senior Play; Band; "Tiger" Staff; Class Day Play; Class Day Part.

ERNEST SMITH

"Smitty" always had everyone laughing at recess. His unbelievable supply of jokes made life worth while for the rest of the day. He had the titles of class musician and class baby conferred upon him and deserved them. Band; Orchestra; A. A.; "Tiger" Staff; Class Day play.

ILENE SMITH

Here's "Smitty," our cheer leader. Ilene certainly encouraged the boys, especially "Za" by her hearty cheers. She is a good natured, breezy, cordial person who makes any party noisy and enjoyable. She is a lover of over-night-hikes, and moving her bed from one sand dune to the next is nothing in her young life. A. A.; Glee Club; Operetta; Basketball.

LENNART SWENSON

"Swen" blew in from Rowley bright and early every morning and immediately set about studying Latin. At recess one could easily find "Swen" perched on "Smitty's" desk relating the latest adventure of Charlie and Willie.

SYLVIA TODD

"Sis" is class poet and class author. The way she reels off rhymes and stories is quite amazing. She is also a musician and has charge of the chapel music. In spite of all the rest of her occupations, "Sis" always finds time for Murray. Glee Club; A.A.; Class Treasurer; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Operetta; Class History.

GEORGE TORPEY

Torpey is the only one in the class who smiles during this depression. In math class he could not resist the temptation to tease Miss Mosher. His face looked like a stop light when "Bea" reprimanded him. Basketball; Varsity Club.

ALICE WEGZYN

Alice is a farmer's daughter. Her chief trouble seems to be her freckles and her unruly hair, and her chief joy seems to be playing basketball. Her talking and loud laughing are welcome everywhere. Glee Club; A.A.; Basketball.

MARY WILLIAMS

What should we do without Mary's gossip and giggles? Mary knows every news item of importance. Studying depresses her quite a bit, but she comes through all right. At present Mary is interested in Manchester. A.A.; Glee Club; Commercial Club; Operetta; Basketball; Honor Award.

WHO'S WHO

Name	Nickname	Pastime	Ambition
Edgar Adams	"Egger"	Riding in a Ford	To be a platinum blonde
Murray Adams	"Shiff"	Dancing	To marry a Rowley girl
Albert Anzuoni	"ZaZa"	Growing a beard	To forget all women
Barbara Arthur	"Barbs"	Rolling her eyes	To get married
Beatrice Austin	"Bea"	Gazing at Ervin	To be a good horse back rider
James Austin	"Jimmy"	Eating B. Arthur's dinner	To be a cadet
John Bialek	"Beowy"	Playing hockey	To be president of the U. S. A.
George Blodgett		Driving his car	To own a garage
Jane Bokron	"Jimmy"	Drawing	To be an artist
George Bournazos	"Keed"	Playing football	To be a tramp
Clifford Bradstreet	"Kippy	Running from the girls	To be a scientist
Tony Budzianowski	"Bud"	Playing football	To be the world's wrestling champion
Dorothea Chapman	"Dot"	Working at a roadside stand	To own a baker's truck
Phyllis Chisholm	"Phyl"	Walking around the depot	To be a nurse
Dorothea Clapp	'Dottie"	Talking with Mildred	To be a baby's nurse
Mary Clemeno	"Myra"	Dreaming of Jerry	To capture Jerry
Edward Crellin	"Ed"	Sitting quietly at home	To be a knife grinder
Theodore Cuik	"Sonny"	Pestering	To be a "pro" baseball player
Mabel Currier	"Mailo"	Riding in a truck	To teach American History
Tony Cynkus	"T"	Chauffeuring	To play football
Thelma Davis	"Tad"	Making a foursome with "Bea"	To be a librarian
Randolph Emerson	"Dad"	Talking with Crellin	To raise strawberries
Mary Fido	"Spider"	Doing her homework	To grow tall
Helen Galanis	"Len"	Jerking sodas	To be a proprietress
Stephen Goverek	"Govey"	Arguing	To be a baseball star
Warren Grant	"Grunt"	Drumming	To play a saxophone
Dorothy Greene	"Dot"	Walking with Aldene	To be a nurse
Margaret Hamm	"Peg"	Kidding lower class boys	To be a secretary
John Hayes	"Hazey"	Eating	To be a plumber
Mary Johnson	"Moe"	Writing English themes	To be a teacher
Irene Karchonas	"Cocoa"	Looking for a red head	To find a red head to suit her
Sophie Klosowski	"Clausie"	Going to the library	To have a library of her own
Steve Kozazcki	"Stevike"	Strumming with a guitar	To play the guitar in Hawaii
Helen Kozeneska		Telephoning	To play a banjo

WHO'S WHO (cont.)

Name	Nickname	Pastime	Ambition
Stashia Kuconis	"Sta"	Studying	To be a nurse
Bessie Lampropoulos	"Peanuts"	To get her bookkeeping done	To follow in her brother's footsteps and become a good tennis player
Ervin Langmaid	"Ervy"	Seeing the girl friend home	To fly
Lazarus Lazaropoulos	"Lazzy"	Doing Latin	To become a druggist
Sigrid Lind	"Sig"	Reading back her short-hand notes	To be a secretary
Mary Los	"Mania"	Riding with "Bournazie"	To have a good time
Catherine Lucey	"Kay"	To see a good show	To be a movie actress
Aldene Marcorelle	"Al"	Playing "peggy"	To teach domestic science
Earle McCormick	"Mac"	Keeping company with a sophomore	To be an accountant
Margaret McLeod	"Margie"	Working in the candy room	To excel in tennis
Dorothy Miller	"Dot"	Hiking	To be a secretary
Louise Minichiello	"Lou"	Studying	To work in an office
Eleanor Mitchell	"El"	Acting	To be an opera singer
Beatrice Mosher	"Bea"	Traveling between Boston and Ipswich	To be a hairdresser
Wilda Parsons	"Willie"	Hiking	To be a secretary
Anne Patch	"Patches"	Playing double solitaire	To be a journalist
Lillian Player	"Lil"	Dancing	To win a dancing marathon
Rose Ella Poirier	"Rose"	Studying	To teach French
Peter Retales	"Pete"	Making speeches	To become an orator
Theodore Rice	"Roman"	Eating	To be a crooner
Mildred Rogers	"Midge"	Riding with Dottie	To be a hairdresser
Emily Savage	"Emmie"	Talking with Donald	To be a secretary
Christine Scourletis	"Nun"	Waiting for "Bob" in the library	To be a costume designer
Harold Sholes	"Eel"	Reading detective stories	To be a "gob"
Kathleen Singer	"Kath"	Riding with Jerry	To own a car like Jerry's
Ernest Smith	"Smitty"	Cracking jokes	To be a bill board artist
Ilene Smith	"Smitty"	Riding with "ZaZa"	To be sure of "ZaZa"
Lennart Swenson	"Tiny"	Avoiding women	To be a clergyman
Sylvia Todd	"Sis"	Keeping the class nut company	To live in Ipswich
George Torpey	"Tippy"	Burying dead cats	To be an undertaker
Alice Wegzyn	"Farmer	Weeding the garden	To be a farmer's wife
Mary Williams	"Willie"	Taking attendance	To be a secretary

FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right): Maguire, Bialek, Hays, Retales, Bournazos, Budzianowski, Anzuoni, Cynkus, Adams, Austin

Second Row (left to right): Galant, LeClair, Merry, Podmoska, Greenberg, Bartnisky, Goski

Third Row (left to right): Mason, Ewing, LeClair, Manatis, Kozinski, Bokron, Warner, Cowles

Rear Row (left to right): McCormick, Mr Conary, Machaj

Sports Review

FOOTBALL

THE football team of 1932 has established a record. The Manning High Eleven, coached by Coach Bob Conary and piloted by Captain Budzianowski, faced the hardest schedule that any Manning team has had to play in the school's history. The team won seven games and lost three. The team loses nine lettermen throuh graduation. Next year's team will be composed mostly of sophomores. Podmastka, regular center for two years, was the unanimous choice for next year's captain.

WHAT A RECORD!

Manning	0	Haverhill	20
Manning	0	Punchard	19
Manning	19	Reading	0
Manning	12	Swampscott	7
Manning	22	Salem, N. H.	0
Manning	12	Johnson	0
Manning	7	Danvers	12
Manning	39	Hamilton	0
Manning	25	Rockport	0
Manning	19	Manchester	0

BASKETBALL

Manning High School established a name for itself on the basketball court. This year's team, which is the most successful the school has ever had, has won eight games and lost three games. Two of the losses were suffered against Peabody High and the third defeat was suffered against Rockport High. Manning lost its second game against Peabody with a one point margin. The third defeat was suffered by a margin of two points. This was against Rockport. Captain Budzianowski and his charges should be proud of this record:

Manning 23 (at Ipswich)	Newburyport 16	Win
Manning 31 (at Ipswich)	Essex 3	Win
Manning 20 (at Peabody)	Peabody 41	Loss
Manning 37 (at Merrimac)	Marrimac 18	Win
Manning 23 (at Ipswich)	Peabody 24	Loss
Manning 14 (at Rockport)	Rockport 16	Loss
Manning 25 (at Hamilton)	Hamilton 8	Win
Manning 25 (at Ipswich)	Rockport 20	Win
Manning 43 (at Ipswich)	Hamilton 19	Win
Manning 38 (at Ipswich)	Merrimac 20	Win
Manning 41 (at Essex)	Essex 26	Win

Total points for 318

Total points against 217

Victories 8 Losses 3

Scoring Positions on Team

	Total pts for season
1st Capt.) Budzianowski, rf	136
2nd Howard Merry, c	86
3rd Roy Scott, lf	49
4th George Bournazoa, rg	18
5th George Torpey, lg	10

Baseball

THE Manning High baseball nine has at the present time, June 6, a record of six wins and three defeats. The six wins were made against Hyannis (two games), Hamilton High, Rockport High, and Andover High (two games). Two of the three defeats were suffered at the hands of Salem High and the third at the hands of Johnson High of North Andover. The Black and Orange nine started off with a bang, winning five straight before dropping the sixth game to Salem.

The games thus far:

Manning 11 - Hyannis 2	at Ipswich
Manning 8 - Hyannis 6	at Ipswich
Manning 10 - Hamilton 1	at Hamilton
Manning 8 - Punchard 5	at Ipswich
Manning 2 - Rockport 0	at Rockport
Salem 5 - Manning 3	at Ipswich
Manning 5 - Punchard 1	at Andover
Salem 5 - Manning 4	at Salem
Johnson 15 - Manning 9	at Ipswich

Total: 6 wins - 3 defeats.

The regulars of the 1933 baseball team are: Bartnisky, catch; Bokron, utility; Adams, first base; Budzianoski, left field; Bournazos, second base; Podmostka, pitch and center field; Capt. John Bialek third base; Joe Bialek, short stop; Scott, right field; Merry, pitch.

Adams, Bournazos, John Bialek, and Budzianoski will be lost to the team through graduation. Merry, the regular moundsman, left school recently and this practically shatters the pitching staff, leaving only Podmostka to bear the brunt of most of the games.

Senior Play

THE Senior Play given by the Class of 1933 was "Tweedles" by Booth Tarkington. Under the able coaching of Miss Maragret Allen and Miss Helen Blodgett, the play was a success.

The plot of the play was very interesting. Julian, played by James Austin, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, played by Thelma Davis, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine Village. Mrs. Ricketts, (Catherine Lucey) a designing widow, tries to break up the affair. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been noted in the community for two hundred years and look down on the "summer people". Mrs. Albergone, (Eleanor Mitchell). Adam Tweedle (Harold Sholes), Philemon Tweedle (John Hayes). and Ambrose (Earle McCormick) were other members of the Tweedle family. Mr. Castlebury (Ervin Langmaid) and Mrs. Castlebury (Beatrice Austin) are aghast at the possibility of a match and call on the Tweedles to convince them how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that the unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to cooperate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Wnisora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as

CLASS OFFICERS

Standing (left to right): Stanley Mason, Treas. '35; Elizabeth Dummer, Treas. '36
Curtis Haley, Pres. '34; John Bokron, Pres. '35; Robert Peabody, V. Pres. '36;
John Bialek, V. Pres. '33; Joseph Podmoska, Treas. '34; Ervin Langmaid, Pres. '33;
James Doughty, V. Pres. '35; Joseph Player, Sec. '35;
Shirley Knowles, Sec. '36; Ralph Hill, Pres. '36

Seated (left to right); Martha Hinkley, Sec. '34; Margaret Hamm, Sec. '33;
Sylvia Todd, Treas. '33; Theodora Burbank. V. Pres. '34

inferiors. The old man is infuriated and threatens vengeance but is checkmated when Julian unearths a number of family skeletons and argues that her father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Winsora also takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant.

The stage was well set due to the efforts of Murray Adams and Ernest Smith, stage managers. The business end was skillfully managed by Anne Patch.

Operetta

"JERRY of Jericho Road," the Operetta given by the Manning High School on Thursday evening, the sixth of April was a great success from every point of view. The chorus and dancers, with the able assistance of the M. H. S. Orchestra, helped to make this, our third Operetta, a finished production. The leads were well taken and the whole cast displayed much talent. Much credit is due Mr. and Mrs. Tozer for their excellent work in

coaching, and Mr. Walter Callahan and Mr. MacDonald for their work on the scenery.

The scene was a western ranch which had been converted into a tourist camp. Eleanor Mitchell as Jerry was very charming, and Robert Laite, as the hero, (John Drayton) received much applause both for his singing and acting. Humorous parts were well portrayed by Earle McCormick (Cornelius Bean), Margaret Hamm (Lettice Bank), Harold Sholes, (Hunter), and Chas. Bailey (Amos Bank). Other parts were taken by Sylvia Todd, Barbara Arthur, Theodora Burbank and Stanley Mason.

This was one of the most successful musical entertainments ever presented by Manning High School.

Alumni

CLASS OF 1927

John Sheppard is married to Harriet Stone. Eleanor Dodge is married to Edward Lombard.

CLASS OF 1928

Ruth Arthur graduates from Massachusetts State Teachers' College, Salem.

Charles Lampropoulos graduates from Maine University.

Richard Durham is teaching at Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Me.

Mary Patch is teaching at the Whittier School, Ipswich.

Althea Howe is married to Adolph Addlehelm.

CLASS OF 1929

Barbara Damon graduates from Wellesley College.

Margaret Lord graduates from Massachusetts State Teachers' College, Salem.

Evelyn Hebb is married to Wellman Hawks.

James Merson graduates from Dartmouth.

Frances Ross graduates from Massachusetts State Teachers' College, Salem.

CLASS OF 1930

Margaret MacLean is married to Harold Higgins.

CLASS OF 1931

Ralph Ladd has completed two very successful years at William and Mary College.

John Rhodes graduates from Bentley's Accounting School.

CLASS OF 1932

Charlotte Smith has finished one year at the Whittier School, Ipswich.

Evelyn Dodge has completed one year at Bates College.

Margaret Arthur has finished one year at State Teachers' College, Framingham.

CLUB OFFICERS

Rear row, (left to right) Varsity Club: John Bialek, Sec.; Anthony Cynkus, Treas. Albert Anzuoni, V. Pres.; Anthony Budzianowski, Pres.

Middle row (left to right) Wilda Parsons, Sec. Comm. Club; Margaret McLeod, Sec. French Club; Helen Kozeneska, Treas. French Club; Thelma Davis, Sec. Glee Club Anne Patch, Pres. French & Glee Clubs; James Austin, V. Pres. French Club

Front row (left to right) Helen Galanis, V. Pres. Comm. Club; Margaret Hamm, Pres Comm. Club and Treas. Glee Club; Dorothy Miller, V. Pres. Glee Club; Jane Bokron, Treas. Commercial Club

Class Celebrities

Actor	James Austin
Actress	Eleanor Mitchell
Artist	Jane Bokron
Athlete	John Bialek
Honorable Mention	Albert Anzuoni
Author	Sylvia Todd
Baby	Ernest Smith
Best Looking Boy	Warren Grant
Bluffer	John Hayes
Blusher	John Bialek
Boyologist	Beatrice Mosher
Clown	John Hayes
Lovers	Beatrice Austin and Ervin Langmaid
Man Hater	Sigrid Lind
Most Popular Boy	James Austin
Honorable Mention	Murray Adams
Most Popular Girl	Anne Patch and Margaret Hamm (tie)
Musician	Ernest Smith
Nut	Murray Adams
Orator	Peter Retales
Honorable Mention	Ervin Langmaid
Caveman	Albert Anzuoni

Pest	Earle McCormick
Honorable Mention	Catherine Lucey
Poet	Sylvia Todd
Prettiest Girl	Beatrice Mosher
Saint	Rose Ella Poirier
Serenader	Murray Adams
Sheik	Tony Cynkus
Vamp	Beatrice Mosher
Woman Hater	Clifford Bradstreet

As the Poet Sees Us

Charles Adams —
"Sigh no more, ladies, sign no more
Men were deceivers ever."

Edgar Adams —
"He is going on the mountain
He is lost to the forest."

Murray Adams —
"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard."

Albert Anzuoni —
"O he sits high
In all the peoples' hearts."

Barbara Arthur —
"Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest."

Beatrice Austin —
"To know her is a liberal education."

James Austin —
"Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent."

John Bialek —
"Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn."

Jane Bokron —
"Just to be weary when things go wrong,
I make my way with a merry song."

George Bournazos —
"I know him by his wit so rare."

Clifford Bradstreet —
"There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament."

Tony Budzianowski —
"Here was a man to hold against the world
A man to match the mountains and the sea."

Dorothea Chapman —
"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
An' be a friend to man."

Phyliis Chisholm —
"Smiling ever smiling as her way she wends."

Dorothea Clapp —
"How doth the little busy bee
Improve the shining hour."

Mary Clemeno —
"I am utterly content
In all my spirit is no ripple of unrest."

Edward Crellin —
"A youth more glittering than a diamond."

Theodore Cuik —
"Spreading ruin and scattering ban."

Mabel Currier —
"She speaks not a word but goes straight to her work."

Tony Cynkus —
"If gay attire delight thine eye
I'll dight me in array."

Thelma Davis —
"Affections are as thoughts to her
The measures of her hours."

Randolph Emerson —
"Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
Nor thought of tender happiness betray."

Mary Fido —
"Wee, modest, crimson tipped flower."

Helen Galanis —
"A friend good and true,
Yes, Helen, that's you."

Stephen Goverek —
"Good thoughts his only friends."

Warren Grant —
"He bore her away in his arms
The handsomest young man there."

Dorothy Greene —
"Round her eyes her tresses fell
Which were blackest none could tell."

Margaret Hamm —
"A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

John Hayes —
"Hence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born."

Mary Johnson —
"Let me but do my work from day to day."

Irene Karchonas —
"There's never a care
For her soul to bear
No trouble to make her fret."

Sophie Klosowski —
"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Stephen Kozazcki —
"And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs."

Helen Kozeneska —
"Fair as the day and as sweet as May
Fair as the day and always gay."

Stashia Kuconis —
"Yet in her shy, expressive face
A touch of urban arts I trace."

Bessie Lampropoulos —
"The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude
She took as she found them, and did them all good."

Ervin Langmaid —
"The lover watched his graceful maid
As 'mid the virgin train he strayed."

Lazarus Lazaropoulos —
"Nowhere so busy a man as he."

Sigrid Lind —
"If only a man would come my way."

Mary Los —
"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Catherine Lucey —
"Laugh and the world laughs with you
Weep and you weep alone."

Lawrence Maguire —
"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden."

Aldene Marcorelle —
"Quiet talk she liketh best
In a bower of gentle looks."

Earle McCormick —
"All mankind loves a lover."

Margaret McLeod —
"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace."

Dorothy Miller —
"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Louise Minichiello —
"She dwelt among the untrodden ways."

Eleanor Mitchell —
"She is fair to see and sweet,
Dainty from her head to feet,
Modest as her blushes show,
Happy as her smiles disclose."

Beatrice Mosher —
"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Wilda Parsons —
"She takes them as she finds them
It is always so with her."

Anne Patch —
"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Lillian Player —
"Spry and airy on her feet
Dancing is her special treat."

Rose Ella Poirier —
"Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Peter Retales —
"With malice toward none, with Charity for all."

Theodore Rice —
"Serene, he sits on other shores
Than ours."

Mildred Rogers —
"A kind and gentle heart she had
To comfort friend or foe."

Emily Savage —
"And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me."

Christine Scourletis —
"All through my keys that give their sound to a wish of my soul
Painter and poet are proud, in the artists' list enrolled."

Harold Sholes —
"He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus."

Kathleen Singer —
"Make good use of your time, for
Time flies and is forever past."

Ernest Smith —
"Music, when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory."

Ilene Smith —
"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
She gives a side glance and looks down
Beware! Beware!"

Lennart Swenson —
"Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright."

Sylvia Todd —
"Her heart is like a garden fair
Where many pleasant blossoms blow."

George Torpey —
"Of woman no lover, no friend of the ball
But a jolly good fellow which makes up for all."

Alice Wegzyn —
"A helping hand to this one lend
Then turn some other to befriend."

Mary William —
"The act of conversation is the art of hearing as well as of being heard."

Exchange

As We See Others:

"The Record"

Newburyport, Mass.

Your magazine is A Number 1. The cover designs are excellent, the jokes are exceedingly humorous, and your literary material is of the highest type. There must be many budding poets in N. H. S. because your poetry is usually full. How about a few more book reviews? Keep up the good work!

"Aegis"

Beverly, Mass.

There is certainly one thing to say about "Aegis" — it is full of "pep." It is one of the best magazines we have received. All the articles are snappy and very interesting. The articles are very well written, and the jokes — well, watch the Joke Department. Let's see you again!

"The Tattler"

Nashua, N. H.

Editorials — excellent! Literary — interesting! Poems — well written! Jokes — delicious! Your magazine is certainly a good, all round one. You should be proud of it.

"Laboremus"

Tirana, Albania

We are always eager to hear from our distant friends. With each issue of your magazine we can see a marked improvement. How about a few more jokes and poems to liven it up. Your literary material is excellent. Hope to hear from you often!

We wish to acknowledge exchanges from:

"Authentic" - Stoneham, Mass.
"B. H. S. News" - Beverly, Mass.
"Brocktonia" - Brockton, Mass.
"The Early Trainer" - Lawrence, Mass.
"Hamiltonian" - Hamilton, Mass.
"The Punch Harder" - Andover, Mass.
"The Observer" - Peabody, Mass.
"Lawrence High School Bulletin" Lawrence, Mass.
"The Advance" - Salem, Mass.
"The Johnson Journal" - North Andover, Mass.
"Phillips Bulletin" - Andover, Mass.
Purple Parrot" - Troy, N. Y.
"Radiator" - Somerville, Mass.

We have enjoyed your magazines and papers. Hard work and originality are shown in all of them. Keep up the good work and co-operation in the future.

Jokes.

If ever there should come a flood
Then to this good old book I'd fly.
If all the world should be engulfed
Geometry would still be dry.

* * *

In a certain hygiene class, after everybody in the class had been asked what the **pelvis** is, Sophie was called on.

Sophie: "Well, everything else has been mentioned, so I suppose it's the thing you sit on."

(The Log — S. T. C.)

* * *

"She said she was a model in a factory."

"I don't see how she could be a model in any factory; she's no bigger round than a pipe-stem."

"Well, she must have been a model in a macaroni factory."

* * *

Customer: "Hey, waiter, what kind of blankety blank coffee do you call this junk, anyhow?"

Waiter: "Why, that's Plaster House coffee, sir; very fine grade, I assure you, sir."

Customer: "Plaster House coffee, hey? Well, I'll be darned if I can find the house, but a lot of the grounds are in here."

(C. C.)

* * *

Teacher: "What is the plural of mouse, John?"

John: "Mice."

Teacher: "Correct, now the plural of spouse."

John: "Spice."

* * *

Miss Dean: "Your recitation reminds me of Quebec."

John Sitton: "How is that?"

Miss Dean: "Built on a bluff."

* * *

Never put off till tomorrow what you should have done the day before yesterday.

* * *

"Oh, James, I've lost my bag."

"Well, we'll find it again. Switzerland is such a small country."

* * *

A fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villain," the detective boy cried, "or there will be bloodshed."

"No," said the father grimly, tightening the hold on the boy's collar, "not bloodshed, wood shed."

* * *

"Hello! give me Columbus 1492."

"Sorry, old bimbo, but it's been changed to Zeppelin 1924."

* * *

If Minnie, in Indian, means water, what does Minnesota mean?

I'm sure I don't know.

Sota water, you poor thing.

* * *

Prof: "What is the largest city in Iceland?"

Apt pupil: "Iceberg."

* * *

He: "Are you fond of autos?"

Him: "Am I? You should see the truck I ate for lunch."

* * *

Man (to clerk in Co-op): "Gimme $25 worth of scratch paper."

Clerk: "Good gosh! Why do you want so much scratch paper?"

Customer: "I got the seven years' itch."

* * *

Phi: "I'm going to sue my English Prof for libel!"

Bete: "Why's that?"

Phi: "Because he wrote on my last theme, 'You have bad relatives and antecedents.'"

* * *

Willie: "Did her father come between you?"

Love: "Oh, no," replied the jilted suitor, "merely behind me."

* * *

Liz: "Jones was telling we what a help married life has been to him in his profession."

Diz: "Well, what does he do?"

Liz: "Oh, he writes jokes."

* * *

Sunday School Teacher: "What did the Israelites do after crossing the Red Sea?"

Smart Pupil: "I am not sure, teacher, but I guess they dried themselves."

* * *

"My wife kisses me every time I come into the house!"

"Affection?"

"No, investigation."

* * *

Little Mary approached her mother sobbing with penitence.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "I—I broke a brick in the fireplace."

"Well, that isn't very hard to remedy," said mother, "but how did you do it, child?"

"I pounded it with father's watch."

* * *

"I'm sorry, Ep," said the doctor to the native of Hickory Point, Arkansas, "but your wife is very ill. She'll have to go to a warmer climate."

Ep went sorrowfully into the woodshed and returned with the axe.

"Here, doc, you hit 'er," he said. "I haven't got the nerve."

* * *

Peck: "Aren't you master in your home?"

Pecked: "Well, my wife and I have divided it. She looks after the money, the children, the servants, the dog and the cat, and I look after the canary."

* * *

Sound of violent knocking — no answer.

Five minutes later:

Same sound, accompanied with, "Open up, Freshman!"

Frosh: "Who's knocking?"

Facetious Soph: "Opportunity!"

Frosh: "Go 'way. Opportunity knocks but once."

* * *

Flat: "I hit a guy on the nose yesterday, and you shoulda seen him run."

Flatter: "That so?"

Flat: "Yeh, but he didn't catch me."

* * *

Mr. Conary: "Who discovered the law of the pendulum?"

Andrion: "Galileo discovered the law of the pendulum when an apple dropped on his head from the leaning tower of Pisa."

* * *

A. Anzuoni (from the city): "I'm going to quit this town! I can't stand this awful silence."

Farmer Wegzyn: "Aw — stick around. In a month or so the frogs 'll begin to croak over in the river."

* * *

Dave Kosinski: "Yes, I came face to face with a lion once. To crown it all I was alone and weaponless and—"

Freshman (nervously): "What did you do?"

Dave K.: "What could I do? I tried looking straight into his eyeballs, but he began to crawl up on me. Then I thought of plunging my arm down his throat, grabbing his tail, and pulling him inside out, but I decided it was too dangerous. Yet he kept crawling up and I had to think fast."

Freshman: "How did you get away?"

Dave K.: "I just left him and passed on to the other cages."

* * *

Cowles: "Don't you think my mustache is becoming?"

Soph. Girl: "It may be coming, but it hasn't arrived yet."

* * *

Senior Girl (looking at her cut for the Tiger): "This picture will not go into the Tiger! I won't stand for it. It doesn't do me justice."

Anzuoni (wearily): "You don't want justice—what you need is mercy."

* * *

Cynkus (shopping in Boston): "Are you sure this suit won't shrink if it gets wet on me?"

Storekeeper: "Mine frendt, effery fire company in the city has squirted water on dot suit."

The Athletic Field

THE Athletic Field project is well underway. Great progress has been made in leveling off the Green Street Grounds near the old County jail. Manning High School has always wanted an enclosed field where admission could be charged in order to make athletics a paying proposition to the school rather than a burden. Due to the cooperation of the school committee, selectmen, and the teachers of the town, Mr. Whipple, our principal and Mr. Conary, our athletic director, were able to put this project under way.

The teachers of Ipswich felt that they should help the unemployment situation in this town. Therefore they agreed to contribute 5 percent of their salaries to be spent on leveling the Green Street grounds. The unemployed were hired to do this. The money contributed was used only for the cost of labor and not for materials required to carry on the work and completion of the field.

Mr. Conary hopes that the field will be completed by next fall when the Manning High School football season opens. The stadium will have a seating capacity of 700 to begin with and will increase as demand gains. The field runs lengthwise east and west.

There is no doubt that this stadium will turn out to be a paying proposition and football will help meet the expense of the other sports.

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